THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MIGNONETTE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

I.

What may I be, dear one, to thee,
Mid all the world's turmoil and strife?
Something apart to glad thy heart,
Some little flower set in thy life?
Ah, let me be thy Mignonette,
White, pure and sweet, and sweeter yet
If crushed by thy dear feet,
But, ah, most sweet
If laid where it might feel thy warm heart beat!

II.

Thou, thou shalt claim hereafter crowns of Fame,
But weary, very weary is that road,—
While days are drear, ere those far crowns come near,
And thou art fainting 'neath a lone life's load,
Then on thy Mignonette look down,
Still sweet and true although not any crown,
Yet smiling in thy face
In happy grace,
So happy just because it is thine own.

III.

If laid aside for glory's wreaths untried,
Yet laurel wreaths have many a sharp leaf,
And when they press too rough for happiness,
Then clasp thy flower that never caused thee grief,—
Thy own true Mignonette
That ne'er forgets thee, though *thou* mayst forget,
But waiteth trustingly,
Giving its little life all up to thee,
And happier so than a king's joy to be!

IV.

O, pride, O, bliss! if thou wilt call me this,
A pure white blossom ever in thy fate,
Still sweet and true whatever foes may do,
In any nook thou wishest, glad to wait,
And glorying in thy glory though it be
But lifting thee
Higher away from me;
For some day yet
I know thou wouldst thank Heaven for Mignonette.

V.

And if thou died,—ah! *could* such woe betide!
Then it should spend its sweetness on thy tomb,
And cluster round the holy, precious ground,
To guard it if a careless foot should come.
If any plucked a single leaf from thither,
The leaf would wither,
For all its sweetness
It offers up to thee in pure completeness.

VI.

O, then, I pray thee, let thy Mignonette
Be proud and happy near thee all life through!
But if all flowers else be dearer to thee,
'Tis but a little thing thou hast to do.
I lay me at thy feet,
White, pure and sweet,
Tread on me, crush me, it will bring thee nigh;
Death given by thee is sweet,—O, make me die!

A RASH PROMISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

"Must you really leave to-morrow, Mr. Talbot?"

"I must indeed, Miss Laura."

"Why is it that your business has lately become so important, while for two months past you have been able to neglect it?"

"It is not that only. There! for pity's sake, do not ask me to stay again, I cannot, I dare not linger here another day."

Laura Nevil looked at the agitated face of her companion with her once soft, gray eyes, reflecting the trouble that shone so plainly in his. For two months Guy Talbot had been in Elmworth, and most of the time devoted to her. It is true his attentions had at first been paid with a certain reserve and hesitation, but of late he had sought her society, and lavished upon her every courteous service, with a sort of feverish recklessness, as if he were resolved to drown every thought in the intense pleasure her companionship evidently gave him. And Laura welcomed his visits, and blushed at his words of admiration with entire delight in the present, unconscious that there could be a cloud upon her happiness. Indeed why should there be? Guy Talbot was well off and of good family, what was there to stand in the way of a match so suitable in every respect? Already the gossips of Elmworth pronounced them engaged, and Laura daily expected to hear the words that should avow the love that she did not doubt. This evening when Guy asked her to go out rowing with him she had fancied that the declaration would certainly be made before they returned to the shore. And her heart beat wildly as the little boat shot out from the land, and they two were alone on the moonlit bay, above them the deep star-spangled heavens, below them the sparkling waters that sang a musical chime around their prow, and all about them the still, enchanting beauty of a moonlighted summer night.

For a long time Guy was silent, and when at last he did speak, it was only to announce his departure for New York the next day. Laura heard him with a start and a sudden paleness she could not conceal in her first intense disappointment and heart sickness, asking half a dozen impetuous questions regarding this sudden decision, and even after Guy had tried to make out some excuse of business, feeling as little satisfied with that, as we have seen.

"I will not ask you to stay, Mr. Talbot," she said, after the brief pause that followed Guy's almost passionate entreaty to her to cease from a persistence that evidently pained him deeply, "I am only sorry that I have said so much already, I beg you will forget my thoughtless words."

Laura spoke with a certain haughty coldness that contrasted strongly with her recent earnest tones. Evidently her pride was roused, and Guy for a moment ceased rowing while he gazed at that lovely face so fair now in its assumed sternness, and his own brow was dark with stormy regret as he said,

"Oh, Miss Laura! you would not speak so coldly if you knew what I suffer! I must go away, I must leave you who have lately been the sunshine of my existence; pity me then, even if you blame me."

Laura looked at him once more, and as her gaze met the unmistakable anguish in his deep, dark eyes, her own face grew almost as sad as his.

"You cannot tell me what it is that distresses you?" she asked gently; and the pleading tone, the sympathizing, almost affectionate look were harder to resist than all the sternness she had endeavored to assume.

For an instant Guy hesitated—"Would to God I might speak!" he said, and in the moment of silence that followed the anguish plainly depicted in his handsome face indicated to Laura's heart at least a part of what he was suffering. But very shortly the struggle ended, and he looked up with stern resolution stamped on every feature.

"Miss Laura," he said, "you have possibly given me credit for some good qualities. When I go away, as I must to-morrow, perchance never to see you again, you will perhaps wholly condemn me, and yet I cannot by one word vindicate myself. I can only say that the one thing a man must preserve above everything else is his honor, to it he must sacrifice if need be happiness, wealth, home, yes, even life itself, or what is more than life—love!" and his voice lingered with a mournful cadence on the enchanted word. "I cannot explain to you how I am bound, or what is the cold duty that compels me to leave you, but I can beg from you a little pity."

"You have it entirely," faltered Laura, "and I am sure that you are doing what is right. I have perfect confidence in you."

"But I do not deserve it!" cried Guy passionately. "It was culpably weak on my part to permit myself to be so much with you. I have no right to please myself with any young and lovely woman, yet heaven knows I am punished for my folly in what I now suffer!"

Laura made no reply, she sat with her troubled look turned half away from her agitated companion. Was not she suffering too; and suffering as a woman must suffer, in silence!

A few more stokes of the oars brought them to the shore, and without a word Guy helped Laura out, and offering his arm to her turned away in the direction of her home. It was very near the water, and a short and silent walk brought them to the gate, then Guy spoke again.

"Miss Laura, I ought to ask you to forget me, but may I hope that you will forgive me too?"

"I have nothing to forgive," replied Laura, in a tone she in vain struggled to render cold.

"Yes, I have pained you with my trouble, but at least I can think that you will not be injured by my folly. All the world of Elmworth will suppose when they hear of my abrupt departure, that you have refused me, and I shall be very glad to confirm the report."

"Mr. Talbot! but I cannot allow so false an idea."

"Oh, yes, Miss Laura, pray do not contradict the assertion. Let me have the satisfaction of this little sacrifice of my pride," he said bitterly. "And now I must bid you farewell forever!"

"Oh, not forever!" cried Laura, startled out of her attempt at self-possession. "We can meet at least as friends."

"*I* cannot," replied Guy, passionately; "I could never see you with friendly indifference, behold others devoted to you, another man winning your love!" he paused abruptly with a gesture of despair. "I could not endure any meeting with you, unless I were free—and there is scarcely a hope of that. There, Miss Laura! I only torture you and myself by my foolish words"—he went on with a sudden attempt at calmness—"Good-bye, Miss Laura, good-bye, and God bless you!"

He seized the little white hand that trembled to meet his, and pressed it once, twice, thrice passionately to his lips. Then turning away as if he feared to linger an instant longer, he strode down the path and disappeared under the shadow of the trees at the gate.

For a moment Laura gazed after him with a look of such mingled entreaty and regret, that had he seen it, he would assuredly have come near to changing whatever hard resolution he might have formed, then rousing herself from the almost stupor into which she had sunk, she hastily entered the house and fled to her room, avoiding, for the first time in her life, her mother's good-night kiss and her father's kind words.

Meanwhile Guy strode on under the beautiful moonlight through the quiet village, not at once to his lodging, but walking on restlessly and aimlessly until the first fever of his excitement was somewhat allayed. Midnight found him still pacing up and down, now on the walk beneath the windows of Mr. Nevil's house.

"I might have won her love," he murmured to himself as he paused to gaze at the muslin curtains that fell in pure white folds across the darkened windows of Laura's room. "But for my own folly, I might have had as my own the purest and truest maiden I have ever met. Oh, Alicia! Alicia!" he exclaimed with sudden angry vehemence, compelling himself to utter the name, "you are indeed revenged!"

Then as if a new determination had come to him at that remembrance, he turned away. "I will go to her!" he said, "I had thought never to see her again, but I will endure one more interview for the sake of my love! Farewell, Laura!" he murmured, with one more backward glance at the quiet cottage, "there may be a hope for us yet."

Two days later Guy Talbot stood on the steps of an elegant house in New York. Although it was deep summer his summons at the bell was answered almost immediately, not indeed by the liveried footman who usually attended there, but by a neat house-maid.

"Is Mrs. Danforth in town?" he asked.

"She is, sir, will you walk in?"

The girl opened the door unhesitatingly, evidently a visitor in the deserted state of the city was regarded as an event of too agreeable a character for any denial; and without waiting for card or name she ushered him into a parlor and ran away up stairs.

The room into which Guy had been shown was a dainty boudoir; the walls colored in shades of pink, and frescoed with wreaths of flowers, the white matting on the floor, the rose-colored covering of the graceful furniture all harmonized admirably. The windows opened into a conservatory, now partly shaded to shield the delicate flowers that were blooming in beautiful abundance from the too intense sunlight, while the play of the fountain that rose in the centre cooled the air and lent the charming murmur of falling waters to the enchantments of the room.

Guy glanced about him with a strange impatience, little complimentary to the luxury around him.

"Why was I brought here!" he muttered. "It is hard to remember every stern resolution in this scene with all its memories of past folly. The recollection of Laura's pure beauty must be my safeguard. Unannounced, too!" he resumed after a moment. "I did not intend that, and now how will she meet me!"

The question was answered at once, for the door opened, and Mrs. Alicia Danforth, the richest widow, and one of the most beautiful women in New York, entered the room.

She was past thirty, but there were many men who thought the full proportions of her mature figure more admirable than all the slender grace of the freshest girlhood. Her hair waving in glorious masses of tawny gold, set off a complexion of exquisite richness of coloring, and features of almost faultless harmony, except that perhaps the arched nose was a trifle too haughty in expression, and the ripe, red lips were almost too full and pouting. Her costume was an embroidered white muslin, lined with pink silk, and knotted back with pink ribbon, so as to display the exquisite contour of the perfect bosom and the round white arms.

She came in, at first not distinguishing her visitor in the darkened room, but as he turned around she uttered his name with a half cry, and sank into a chair as if overcome with surprise.

"Guy Talbot!"

"Yes, madam, Guy Talbot. I have come back as you said I would."

She seemed so bewildered as scarcely to understand what he said.

"How did you know I was in town?" she asked, as if trying to recover from her first emotion by some commonplace question.

"I did not know it; I came here to find out where you were, and was agreeably surprised to learn that you were here."

"Yes; I came from Saratoga only last Saturday, and start for Newport to-morrow."

"Then I am indeed fortunate."

"And you really were anxious to see me!" she murmured, with a deep, tender light in her beautiful eyes. "Guy! Guy! I knew you would come back to me!"

Talbot knit his brows in distress at the tone and look. "You said I would come back, Alicia, but I told you I should never return in love, nor have I now."

Her face saddened with intense sorrow as he spoke. "You would not believe my explanations," she said, mournfully. "But I never loved any one but you."

"Yet you betrayed me!" he exclaimed, with a sudden gleam of a fire that he had long ago thought gone out. "But do not let us bring up the past now," he added more calmly; "I came not to talk of the past, but of the future."

"And you have forgiven me?" she asked, in a tone soft and pleading in its tenderness.

"Yes; I have forgiven you, fully and freely, long ago," he answered hastily.

"Then it is not yet too late!" she exclaimed; and starting up as she spoke, she came close beside him, and laid her soft hand gently on his.

That touch might have moved one less resolute. Guy gazed upon the beautiful face so near his own; his eyes wandered to the surroundings of a room that had once seemed to him a Paradise on earth, and returning once more met the eager gaze of the lovely woman beside him, and then he said in a low, but firm tone,

"Yes, Alicia, it *is* too late. I love another!"

All the color faded out of brow and cheeks, the blue eyes half closed, and Mrs. Danforth sank back in her seat with a low cry of pain.

"You know now why I have come," said Guy, after a moment, though his own face showed that he was deeply touched at his companion's distress.

Mrs. Danforth looked up again, but this time there was a new expression in her delicate features. "You wish to marry her?" she demanded.

"I do."

"And you have come to me to release you from the promise you once so earnestly gave me!"

"Yes, Alicia; I vowed to you once that while you lived unmarried, although I could not marry you, I would never marry another without your leave. Will you absolve me from that vow and give me that permission?"

"Ah, Guy," she almost whispered, with another earnest look, "do you remember when that vow was made?"

"Indeed I do," replied Talbot, with a sudden contraction of his fine features.

"And yet you ask me to cancel it!"

"Yes!" he answered, sternly. "You know, Alicia, that your subsequent conduct might almost have warranted me in breaking that promise whenever I chose."

"I was only flirting with Stanton!" she interrupted, impetuously.

"Flirting!" retorted Guy. "You caused me deep suffering, and compromised yourself, as you know, by your conduct! But enough! I did not come, as I said before, to recall the past; I came simply to ask your release from a vow that withholds me from my happiness."

"Is it a young girl you wish to marry?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And you love her?"

"Very much."

"More than you ever did me?"

"Alicia, why annoy me and yourself with these questions! Will you release me from my rash promise? Answer me only that."

"No, I will not!" exclaimed Mrs. Danforth, again starting up. "No; I will never, while I can prevent it, see you married to some fair young girl, and know that I am forgotten, or remembered only to sneer at my folly."

"Alicia! Alicia!" cried Guy, "you know I could never do that!"

"Perhaps not, but you would be glad to forget me, to banish me from your home and your remembrance, and be happy with another!"

Guy looked at her in deep distress. "It is enough, Alicia," he said, mournfully. "You refuse my request. I can only bid you farewell once more."

"No! it is not enough!" she exclaimed vehemently, as she once again came to his side. "Guy Talbot, do you know what you have done to me? You won my heart, you made me love you with an earnestness and passion which you can never realize. Yes; by your devotion you taught me to love you, not with the feeble fancy of a young girl, but with the strength and depth and passion of a woman! Of a woman, too, who had never loved before, and will never love again. Yes! to you I gave the whole affection of my heart, its first, last, and only love! And how did you requite me? You deserted me and left me to suffer as only a woman of my strong nature can suffer, to make all my days a wearisome monotony, all my nights long, lonely silences of regret and despair! And now you come to me and ask me to let you marry another! Ask me to let you crush out the last hope of my tortured heart, to stand by and see you wholly happy while I drip away my life-blood drop by drop. No! It shall not be! If you will not be mine, no other woman shall be your wife while I have power to prevent it."

She paused, fairly breathless with the violence of her own emotion, and then Guy spoke. "Alicia, you know that I do not deserve all your reproaches. It was perhaps wrong in me ever to devote myself to a woman whom I could not marry, but you know that my attentions were received very eagerly; you know that you sought me almost as persistently as I sought you; and after that, what happened? Alicia, I really loved you then, and I believe I should have passed my life as I promised, in devotion to you, but when I was most earnest in making you happy, when I loved you most, my heart was wounded by the knowledge that in my absence another man occupied my place, and was received apparently with all the smiles that had once welcomed me."

"You knew I never cared for him!" she interrupted.

"You say so now; at the time I could not know it. But I do not wish to recall that period, or your conduct, except to vindicate myself. I doubtless did wrong in ever permitting myself to be fascinated by your beauty. If I have caused you any pain, I deeply regret it. But surely the world only knows of Mrs. Danforth as happy and admired."

"The world!" she retorted. "I tell you, Guy, that no poor lost soul ever suffered more than I have when I seemed all smiles and gayety. I have longed so intensely to see you, to utter one word of explanation. To ask your forgiveness."

"You had that long ago," he said. "And now as you refuse my request, it is useless to prolong a painful interview."

"What are you going to do?" she asked anxiously, as he turned to go. "Are you going to see her again?"

"No, never!" he replied mournfully. "I shall never permit myself to see her again, unless you release me from my promise. I have no right to try to win her love. No; I am going at once into the army."

"To the war!" she gasped in utter dismay.

"Yes; I should perhaps have been there long ago, but now I could never endure to return to the quiet routine of my home. I must avoid, too, all possibility of seeing her; and perchance some friendly bullet may put an end to a life that thus far seems to have been filled only with errors."

Mrs. Danforth looked on his sad face as he spoke; she saw the sorrow, almost despair, that shone in his eyes, and her heart contracted with the bitter thoughts of his coming danger. One last appeal she tried.

"Oh, Guy!" she said, as once more she clasped both her hands on his, "don't go away—stay with me! I love you so much, no woman could ever be so devoted as I will be. All my fortune shall be yours, and if I am older than you, I will be so loving a wife that you can never remember it."

"Alicia! pray, pray, stop!" cried Guy. "Why distress me by these useless avowals! No! you have chosen that I shall not be happy away from you. I declare to you that I can never be happy with you! Let us part, then. And do you pray for forgiveness, for you have made me a very wretched man."

As he spoke, he gently pushed away her hands and strode out of the room, without heeding her last appealing "Guy! Guy!"

He was gone, and for a while Mrs. Danforth lay on the sofa, where she had flung herself after his departure, in almost a stupor of despair. Then she looked up fiercely.

"No!" she murmured—"I will not let him marry! If not mine, then no woman shall ever call him hers."

Guy Talbot went away, as he had said, a most unhappy man. Up to this time his life had been a very aimless one, and now he felt that it was but a useless burden to himself and others. Handsome, and born to some fortune, he had drifted idly with the current of society till he met Mrs. Danforth. Her supreme beauty fascinated him at once. Naturally self-indulgent, he allowed himself to be entirely devoted to her, until he found that she had become deeply attached to him, and knew that he himself loved her more than he had ever imagined loving before. But even then he would not and could not marry her. She was not the woman he would choose for a wife, even had not her superiority in age rendered the match unsuitable. Yet even while fully realizing this, he had not the courage to leave her, and so pleased himself with the romantic idea that he might all his life be happy in his platonic devotion to her. Under this belief he gave her the solemn promise that now bound him. Such a fascination as his cannot last long; the spell was already weakened when the stories he heard of another man's devotion during his absence broke it entirely. He wrote a haughty note of farewell to this once adored lady, and went abroad, thinking that he should hear of her marriage to his rival very shortly. But it was not so. Mrs. Danforth loved excitement, and the homage her beauty commanded, but although it is probable she greatly exaggerated the sufferings that Guy's departure caused her, still she had loved him very intensely, and she had cherished always the hope of winning him again.

It was very soon after Guy's return to this country that he went to Elmworth, and here again permitting himself to drift with the humor of the hour, regardless of consequences, had devoted himself to Laura Nevil until he awoke to the knowledge that now indeed he knew what love really was, and the fear that he had caused some suffering to this gentle girl.

When he left Mrs. Danforth's house, he felt bitterly not only against her, but himself.

"I have been a useless and aimless fellow," he said; "but perhaps on the battle-field I may redeem an ill spent life."

It was very easy for him to put his design of entering the army into instant execution. At that time the country was constantly calling for recruits. The influence of his name and position procured him a commission, and in a fortnight from that day Guy Talbot had bidden his

indulgent father good-bye, and as second lieutenant in a new regiment was sailing over the blue Atlantic, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, then engaged in the peninsular campaign.

CHAPTER II.

But while Guy was suffering all the weariness of the tedious routine and unwonted hardships of this life of labor and discipline, in which any distasteful duty was rendered still more oppressive by his entire hopelessness and the self-reproaches that constantly haunted him; and while poor Laura in her quiet home was drooping and pining in utter ignorance of the fate of the man she had learned to love so well, and in utter despair of ever seeing him again, Mrs. Danforth, amid all the gayeties of Newport, was by no means the least wretched of the three. Twice she wrote to Guy in a desperate attempt to turn him from his resolution, but the first letter remained unanswered, the second was returned unopened. At this insult, as she chose to consider it, every thought of relenting faded away; the next morning she made the journey she had postponed at first, in the faint hope of winning Guy once more, and for a while endeavored to drown thought, in the excitement of the gayest watering place in the country.

But she did not succeed. She knew from mutual friends the name and number of Guy's regiment, and every morning the first portion of the paper she scanned was the news from the Army of the Potomac. At this time considerable uncertainty hung over its fate. The retreat to Harrison's Landing had already been made, and some of the troops had embarked to return to the shores of the Potomac; but it was known that the portion of the army that remained was constantly a prey to the diseases bred in the deadly swamps of the Chickahominy. The returns of deaths were meagre and unsatisfactory, and the fact that Guy's name never met her eye, Mrs. Danforth knew was no reason why he might not be languishing on a bed of sickness, or even dying unknown and perhaps neglected, far away from his home and friends. All day this thought was with her; in the gayest scenes she seemed to hear the moans of the sick and suffering, and across the brightest ball-rooms sometimes there would creep to her heart a cold breath that seemed to come from the hospital and the charnel house; and at night Guy's face haunted her, now looking at her with the mournful reproach that shaded it at their last meeting, and again it appeared all ghastly and wan with the cold dew of disease on the pallid brow, while the sunken eyes turned to her with unutterable despair in their relentless gaze.

"If he dies I am his murderer!" she said to herself again and again, sometimes with a faint thought of mercy that was frozen almost as soon as formed by the recollection of the use he would make of his freedom. At last a new idea came to her, she resolved to see the woman he loved, to find out how far she cared for him, how much she knew of *her*, and satisfy herself if she too were suffering. She had already learned that Guy had spent the early summer at Elmworth, and a very little inquiry among some friends who had also been there early in the season, satisfied her that Laura Nevil was the successful rival she already detested.

This discovery made, she would remain no longer where she was, but being independent of all control, she started at once with her maid for the village where Guy had dreamed away those few happy weeks.

To Laura Nevil, the days since Guy Talbot left had been tedious indeed. In vain she strove to guess what was the barrier between them, what tie he could have that prevented him from declaring a love that looked out of his eyes and sounded in every tone of his voice. It was useless to endeavor to imagine it, she could only weary herself with endless conjectures out of which no hope came, and which ended at last in the sad conviction that they were indeed parted forever!

Since he left Elmworth, too, she had heard nothing of him. She had never dreamed of his going into the army, and his position in the regiment was so subordinate that she had not noticed his name, if indeed it had appeared at all in the papers that came under her observation. All her friends supposed, as Guy had said, that he had gone away after a refusal; her parents alone knew that he had never offered himself to her, and both of them connected her loss of color, her indifference to society, with the departure of the man whom they, with good reason, considered a heartless flirt. It was indeed difficult to arouse her attention to anything, and it was sad to see how listlessly she performed her duties at home, how utterly distasteful the society of which she had once been the life, seemed to have become to her.

Thus the summer had passed away and early September had come. The Army of the Potomac was again on the march, this time to meet the invading hosts under Lee, and Mrs. Danforth, with the deadly fear of the impending battles always heavy at her heart, arrived in Elmworth.

A few inquiries led her to the residence of Mr. Nevil, which was regarded as the prettiest cottage in the village, and with each added evidence of refinement and wealth in the tasteful grounds and elegant drawing-room, Mrs. Danforth's brow grew darker with hatred of her rival.

Laura was pretending to read in the pleasant library, but in reality her thoughts were wandering away in a sad reverie, wondering as she had many times before where Guy Talbot now was, and if he had already forgotten her, when the servant aroused her with the statement that a lady wished to see her.

"A lady! who is it?"

"I don't know, miss, she did not give her name. She said she wanted to see you on particular business."

Laura rose to obey the summons reluctantly, as thinking it was some one who would bore her about a subscription, or the character of a servant, but the first look at the beautiful and elegantly dressed lady who rose to meet her, dissipated any such thought.

There was a moment of silence while Mrs. Danforth eagerly scanned her rival. She noticed the pure outline of the delicate face, the graceful sweep of the masses of brown hair, and the dainty neatness of the tasteful morning-dress. "Just such a woman as he would love," she thought to herself. "And she loves him too," she added, as she remarked the shade of sadness on the classic features and the look of suffering in the large gray eyes.

"What do you wish?" asked Laura, after a moment, seeing that no words had followed Mrs. Danforth's first courteous greeting, and as she grew uneasy under the steady gaze of the beautiful stranger.

"I am only in your lovely village for a day," replied Mrs. Danforth, "and I took the liberty of coming to see you because I fancy that a young friend of mine is deeply interested in you."

"Indeed!" said Laura. "Pray, be seated, and tell me to whom I owe the honor of your visit."

Her tone was very polite, but the fluctuating color in her cheek showed surprise, perhaps some annoyance.

"To Guy Talbot."

Mrs. Danforth uttered the name deliberately, and all the while her blue eyes were fixed on her companion's face with a strange, dazzling intensity. She was rewarded for her scrutiny; the deep flush that swept over Laura's cheeks and brow at the sound of that name, told her how near her heart it lay.

"I believe he spent the early summer here," said Mrs. Danforth after a brief pause; "and if report speaks truly, he was very much with you during his stay."

"I saw him frequently," faltered Laura, with a feeling of terrible uneasiness, and a growing distrust of the motives that had brought this handsome, proud-looking woman on her singular visit.

"Perhaps he spoke to you of me," continued Mrs. Danforth, without appearing to notice Laura's confusion. "Perhaps he mentioned my name as among his friends"—and here she bent her intense gaze again eagerly on her blushing companion—"Mrs. Danforth, did he never speak to you of Mrs. Alicia Danforth?"

"Never," replied Laura. "I never heard the name before."

Mrs. Danforth drew a sigh of relief.

"I had supposed he might have mentioned me in the many conversations you must have held."

Laura began to feel that she was undergoing a cross-examination, and replied very coldly:

"No, madam, the honor of your visit is, I assure you, entirely unexpected."

"But perhaps Guy Talbot related to you some of his own experiences, and entertained you with the story of a lady to whom he has been very devoted."

This time the color in Laura's cheeks was an angry flush, as she said haughtily:

"Mr. Talbot never gave me any idle confidences. I assure you, madam, you are entirely mistaken if you suppose me to have been the recipient of his secrets."

But even as she spoke a desperate, jealous pang darted into her heart, and Mrs. Danforth divined this with a gleam of triumph.

"No!" she smiled. "Ah, well, Miss Nevil, we married ladies have the advantage of you younger ones, in the greater freedom with which the gentlemen trust us. There is no danger, you know, that *we* shall misunderstand them."

The insinuation was so evident that Laura colored again, and felt an intense desire to turn her beautiful visitor out of doors. But as yet she had not transgressed sufficiently to warrant such a measure, and she simply replied by a haughty bow. Mrs. Danforth read almost exactly the thoughts that Laura's candid face expressed. She saw that her patience would soon be exhausted, and she shifted the attack.

"And so, after all, it was not your coldness that drove him into the army!"

This blow went home. All the indignant color died out of Laura's startled face, and she sprang up, white and trembling, in her sudden agitation.

"In the army! Is Guy Talbot in the army?"

"Yes, certainly—with the Army of the Potomac, under General K———, marching now to meet the rebels."

Mrs. Danforth told it all deliberately, with a keen delight in making another woman as wretched as she was herself.

She had succeeded perfectly. Laura sank back into her chair, panting, with pallid lips, and eager startled eyes.

"They are expecting a battle every day," she gasped.

"Yes!—and a desperate one too."

By this time Laura was striving to recover her composure somewhat, which she felt, now, she had lost too entirely in the presence of this stranger.

"I am very much surprised," she said in a voice she in vain endeavored to render steady. "He had no idea of this, or at least he said nothing to me of it when he left here."

"His decision took all his friends by surprise, and it was supposed, from its suddenness, that some lady's cruelty had driven him to it. Perhaps, after all, Miss Nevil, it was your fault. To tell you the truth, I thought that was the case, and the object of my visit was principally to induce you to reconsider your decision. He is a very fine fellow, any woman might be proud to win him, and if you only will recall him. With his habits, I do not believe he can ever endure the hardships of campaigning, to say nothing of the dreadful danger which he constantly runs. Pray, Miss Nevil, allow me, as an old friend of his, to beg you to think of all this."

Thus Mrs. Danforth ran on, knowing well that every word she uttered was a torturing stab to her companion. Yet all that she said sounded so plausible, so natural, that Laura, distressed as she was, and thrown off her guard, fell into the snare.

"You are entirely mistaken, Mrs. Danforth," she said. "I have no control over Mr. Talbot's motions. Perhaps the other lady of whom you spoke—" She faltered the words and paused abruptly.

"It might be," said Mrs. Danforth, musingly. "And yet he admired you very much. Was he not very devoted to you?"

The color flushed back again to Laura's cheeks.

"He was with me a good deal."

"And you—did you not like him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"More than that, perhaps. You will forgive me as an old friend of his, but had he any reason to suppose he would be a successful suitor?"

Laura again colored painfully.

"Mrs. Danforth, you ask a question I cannot answer. Mr. Talbot never addressed me, and it is therefore impossible for me to say what might have occurred under different circumstances."

"You are right!" exclaimed the fair inquisitor, with every appearance of candor. "I have gone too far, but you will pardon me for the interest I feel in him. You cannot help me, then. I can only suppose that some other lady has driven him to this rash course."

As she spoke, Mrs. Danforth saw all the anguish the supposition caused her companion; but she rose to go, with the deliberate intention of leaving that poisoned arrow to rankle in this innocent bosom.

"One question more," faltered Laura, as she too rose. "Will you tell me what are Mr. Talbot's regiment and rank?"

"Certainly. He is Second Lieutenant in the —th New York, now in the Third Division, under General K."

"Thank you. As an old friend, I should like to follow his course."

"Yes, we must all feel an interest in it, poor fellow! I hope he will return in safety!"

There was nothing more to be said but the formal adieus. They were very brief, and Mrs. Danforth went away with the look of Laura's pale, sad face to haunt her, side by side, with Guy Talbot's despairing eyes.

Alas! indeed, for the poor stricken girl! Mrs. Danforth's suggestion of another lady explained all that was unaccountable in Guy's conduct. He had been then secretly engaged all the time he was in Elmworth, and had only amused himself in a passing flirtation with her. All the distress he had seemed to feel was in pity for her, and perhaps in some uncertainty with regard to his own fate; it was evident that since then his *fiancee* had jilted him shamefully. He was free indeed, but ah! he had made no use of that freedom to come to her, but had gone off to seek forgetfulness, and perhaps an eternal sleep amid the horrors of the battle-field! But despite all that there was in this supposition that was humiliating to her pride and full of despair to her gentle heart, Laura could not help watching with breathless eagerness for every mention of his regiment, and praying, with passionate tears, for his safety and preservation.

But Mrs. Danforth was not wholly bad hearted. After the excitement of her interview with Laura was over, she was half sorry for the distress she had caused, and the recollection of that lovely pale face was no pleasant one to her. Had Laura loved any other man than Guy, or loved him in vain, she would have been to her a tender and gentle friend. Even as it was, she regretted that she should suffer so much, but then every remembrance of her beauty and refinement, the conviction she felt that she was in all respects a woman to make Guy perfectly happy, steeled her against any change of purpose, made her more resolute to take no step that would help to unite them. Mrs. Danforth was a woman of some good impulses, some fine qualities, but her passions were very violent. She had loved Talbot with intense ardor, and now her hatred of his rival, her remorseful jealousy of him were equally strong. So she returned to her beautiful home, and while taking her place in society apparently as usual, there was yet a hollowness in her laughter that showed the mirth was forced; more than that, there was a hectic flush in her cheeks, a glittering light in her eyes that indicated the feverish unrest of a mind diseased, and might even threaten to sap the springs of life itself.

So there were two women who, for Guy's Talbot's sake, read the news of the battles of Hagerstown Heights and Antietam with sickening apprehension, and watched day by day for the returns of the killed and wounded in torturing suspense. It appeared at last, the name they so dreaded to see. Guy was wounded in the last of those desperate fights. For a few hours after she read that announcement, Mrs. Danforth relented. "He will die," she moaned, "and I shall have killed him, but at least I will release him first, and he shall forgive me!" But the next day the papers reported the wound as but slight; it proved, indeed, only serious enough to win him a captaincy. He did not even come home, and once more Mrs. Danforth hardened her heart.

But all this anxiety and distress, an anxiety which she could not share, a distress which she must strive to conceal, told fearfully on Laura Nevil. She grew a mere shadow of her former self, and her parents, filled with alarm at the state of their dear and only daughter, resolved to try what change of scene would do for her, and very much against her wishes, took her with them for a voyage to the West India islands.

It is true that Laura felt that she had no right any longer to think of or care for Guy Talbot, but she clung with the fidelity of a constant heart to his memory, and it was an added pain to her to think that she was so far away from him, and of the long time that must elapse without news of him.

But while Mrs. Danforth was trying in vain to find forgetfulness or some excitement in the dissipations of the city, and Laura was spending the hours in reveries of her lost love that were as dangerous amid the soft beauties of the islands of the tropics as in the quiet life of the country home, what of Guy Talbot?

The months since he entered the army had changed him greatly. He had suffered much and reflected deeply, the follies of his past life he had repented with keen humiliation, and in some measure he had endeavored to atone for them by the faithful attention to his present duties, and new resolutions for the future. Of Laura he thought constantly, the memory of her pure loveliness kept him free from all the contaminations of camp life; the faint, far off hope that some day the better nature of that other woman would prevail and leave him free to see his love once more, urged him to be as far as possible worthy of her. In truth, the year of hard campaigning that Guy had was of great benefit to him, and when thirteen months from the time when he first met Laura, he was badly wounded in a skirmish in Virginia, and lay on the cold ground thinking every moment would be his last, he felt that there might now be a hope that if he never again beheld Laura on earth, they might meet again in Heaven.

But this was not to be the end. The wound was not mortal, and a few days later Guy was being tenderly nursed in his father's house in New York. All this the papers told Laura, who was again at home in the pretty cottage where she had once been so happy. Ah! how she longed to be with him when she knew that he was really dangerously ill! Then how she wondered if her unknown rival had not relented at news of his hurt. But the past months had been of benefit to Laura also; she still, it is true, cherished the love she believed to be hopeless, but she no longer allowed it to make all her life wretched. For her parent's sake she had struggled to overcome her first despair, and she had succeeded so well that, though not the gay, light-hearted girl of a year ago, she was cheerful, and, when they saw her, apparently content.

And how did Mrs. Danforth hear of Guy's second wound? She did not hear of it at all. The tension of spirits under which she had lived so many months, the long struggle, the torturing thoughts, told upon her at last, and soon her exuberant health gave way. In the spring she was attacked by typhoid fever, and she was still prostrate under its fatal effects when Guy was brought home. For weeks she hung between life and death, but her iron constitution triumphed over the disease, the fever was subdued, and the long, tedious convalescence began. It was then, as she lay weak and exhausted on a bed of sickness that might at any moment become a bed of death, that all her past conduct came up before her with remorseful distinctness. "If I were to die, he would be glad!" she thought; "and I cannot wonder. But, Oh, Guy, Guy, it is very hard even now to give you up!"

Day after day, as she grew stronger, her thoughts grew more fixed upon this one absorbing subject. She knew that Laura had gone away, but did not know that she had returned. She knew that there was no battle in Virginia, and she never imagined that Guy was now ill and suffering, only a few squares away from her. She asked no questions, for she could not yet bring herself to permit those two to be happy. All the better part of her nature urged her to absolve Guy from a promise he should not have made, and slowly, slowly, as her body recovered, Alicia Danforth's heart also grew stronger and better.

She was able at last to drive out, and one mild June morning she was lifted into her carriage, that rolled away with her to the Central Park. She was alone; her mother, who had been nursing her, had been prevented, at the last moment, from accompanying her, and Mrs. Danforth was so absorbed in her own thoughts as not to need companionship. The air was very bright and warm; she enjoyed the sunshine and the sweet summer that smiled in the Park; her heart grew tender with a softness that had been long a stranger to it, and her eyes filled with unwonted tears. Something had touched her; it was the sight of a wounded soldier; he had evidently been brought to the Park to enjoy, like herself, the pure air. He was sitting on one of the iron chairs, but the crutches beside him showed that walking would be a painful effort. There was something, too, in his attitude that indicated suffering. His face was half averted, his broad shoulders drooped. The point where he sat was one commanding a pleasant view, and, in accordance with custom, the coachman paused, so that she was close beside him. Mrs. Danforth watched the soldier with earnest compassion, and wished that she could think of some service she might render to him, that would alleviate, if ever so little, his sufferings. At that moment he raised his head and turned towards her.

"Guy Talbot!"

"Alicia!"

The recognition was mutual, and startling on both sides. Both were so changed since their last interview! There was so much mournful reproach in Guy's hollow eyes, that Mrs. Danforth was smitten with the keenest contrition.

"Oh, Guy!" she cried; "have you been ill and suffering, while I never knew it?"

"And you, too, Alicia—you have been very ill?"

"Yes, at death's door. But come to me, will you not?" Then, as Guy hesitated, evidently with contending emotions, half inclined, through pity for her feeble state, to yield, yet stern in his old resolution, she added quickly, "You need not fear me now! I am indeed changed, and I only wish to make you happy in your own way."

At these words such a radiant look shone out on his pale face, that one more sharp spasm of anguish contracted Mrs. Danforth's heart. But it was the last; as he rose, and she saw how the effort of motion was still painful to him, and noticed how much he was altered from the handsome, stalwart man she had seen a year ago, the tenderest compassion took the place of every other feeling, and from that moment the wild love that had once made her so wretched died out forever.

Mrs. Danforth put out her own feeble hands to help in the invalid, and he was soon seated by her side, with the melancholy crutches always at hand to remind him of his helplessness.

"Now you can drive a little way with me, can you not? We have so much to talk of."

"Yes. My father brought me out here for the air, and was to return for me in an hour; so I am at your service for a little while."

Mrs. Danforth gave the signal to drive on, and the two were almost as much alone as they had been at the last interview.

"I heard that you had been very ill," said Guy, "and you look, indeed, as if you had suffered very much."

"And did you not wish me to die?" asked Mrs. Danforth.

"No indeed, Alicia," replied Guy, with a faint flush. "I have looked death in the face too closely myself many times, to be so wicked as that. No; I had hoped that you might have many long years yet of a happy life."

"It was more than I deserved," sighed Mrs. Danforth. "But I believe all my mad folly is over now; and I assure you I release you from a promise I ought never to have exacted, fully and freely."

"And, Alicia, in this act you give me more than life," said Guy earnestly. "You relieve me from a load of repentance for the past—you hold out to me dazzling hopes for the future. I assure you my eternal gratitude will be yours."

"I do not deserve it, Guy," she repeated; "but I sincerely trust all your brightest anticipations may be realized."

"If, indeed, it is not too late!" exclaimed Guy, with a sudden shade in his happy face.

"I do not believe it is," replied Mrs. Danforth. "Laura Nevil is not a girl to forget or change easily."

Guy started in intense amazement at the mention of that name.

"Laura Nevil!" he exclaimed. "How did you know that it was she?"

"I have a humiliating confession to make, to explain that," answered Mrs Danforth, sadly.

"Then do not tell me!" said Guy, generously.

But Mrs. Danforth would not spare herself. She gave all the details of the interview with Laura, sparing herself in no particular. But Guy was so delighted with the proofs she had discovered of Laura's attachment to him, that he was very ready to forgive everything.

When the excitement of this explanation was over, he told her of his wound, of all his own repentance, and his future plans. The injury in his leg would render it stiff for some time to come. He could not, therefore, return to active service for many months, and these months he would devote to Laura, if, indeed, she would have anything to say to a poor cripple.

"She will love you only the more," replied Mrs. Danforth, with a faint sigh.

"And you, Alicia, will you be happy?" Guy asked earnestly.

"Yes, I think I shall be," she answered bravely. "My mother is to live with me hereafter, so that I shall not be alone, and I never intend again to lead the aimless life of the past."

"You will marry," said Guy. "You are more beautiful than ever."

And indeed it was true that the long illness seemed to have taken from Mrs. Danforth's appearance every trace of a grosser nature, and left only its more etherial loveliness. After that interview she was happier than she had been before for many years, and that night when her eyes closed in sleep it was with the blissful knowledge that her heart and conscience were as pure and innocent as in the far-off days of her childhood.

As for Guy, he went home with renewed hope in life, new impulses to recovery. The first mail carried to Laura a brief note containing only these words:

"Laura, I am free! May I come to you and tell you how long and how much I have loved you? I am a poor crippled soldier now, but I hope a better man than I was a year ago, and always and wholly

"Yours, GUY TALBOT."

Three days of suspense and then the answer came, only one word:—

"Come!"

It was enough. Even before the doctor said that Guy ought to travel he was on his way to Elmworth, where Laura, all radiant with new smiles and hope, was tremblingly awaiting his arrival.

Every doubt and suspicion had vanished at the reception of that note, and when at last Guy once more stood before her, there needed scarcely an explanation to make their happiness complete and entire.

The Army Signal Corps.

THE MODE OF SENDING DESPATCHES—EFFICIENCY OF THE CORPS.

A member of the United States Signal Corps contributes the following to the Boston Traveller:—

"I think it about time that something relating to the Signal Corps was published in your paper, and with your leave will mention some of the duties of this branch of the service.

"Probably no class of men employed in the army are more useful than those engaged in the duty of sending army despatches from one point to another, by means of signal flags. These flags are of different colors, white, black, or red, to suit the circumstances of the case. They are either four or six feet square, fastened to pointed poles, the length of which can be increased or diminished as required. The officers in charge of a station are furnished with field glasses and powerful telescopes, by means of which they can read the signals from twelve to eighteen miles distant. For night work, torches are used. The operation of transmitting signals is performed in this manner:—The message is sent to the signal station, which is generally located in the highest tree upon the loftiest mountain or hill-top. The officer in charge arranges his 'key' upon a circular pasteboard instrument, marked with numerals. When all is ready, by the turning of this disc, the proper numbers appear, and are called off to the flagman. This flagman, on hearing the number, immediately places the flag in the position indicated.

"Thus, waving the flag according to a number, requiring it to move from right to left, will mean a certain word. The flag is then straightened up, and another number called, which may raise the flag above the bearer's head, or drop it towards the ground. Again, some number called out causes the flagman to make a motion with the flag that conveys a whole sentence of information to a distant station, where another signal-officer has been reading off, through his telescope, the numbers previously sent. The reader of the despatch sits looking through his glass, calling off the numbers to his assistant, who notes them down upon the field-book. When the entire message has been received, the numbers are transmitted to the next station, and so on until it reaches the general to whom it is sent.

"The whole time occupied in sending a despatch of thirty lines is generally less than as many minutes. The flagman, by constant practice, works rapidly, and the reader calls the numbers with equal speed; and when there are two or more officers or flagmen at a station the message is passed on to the next, as fast as it is received. When the numbers reach the last station the 'key' signal is sent over, and being properly adjusted, the officers at the receiving station can then write out for or read the message to his commanding general. These keys are constantly changed. A combination of 'keys' is arranged between two commanding generals in a manner that insures their despatches against any chance of being read by even the officers making the signals, and, of course, if the rebels saw them they would be unable to decipher them. For instance, Gen. Sherman has arranged with Gen. Howard that the 'key' to his despatches shall be sent under cover of a particular word. Accordingly, when that word is received, Gen. Howard has the key that unlocks the remainder of the despatch.

"On Monday morning, Gen. Sherman may make use of a 'key' that he discards in the afternoon. The afternoon key is known to Gen. Howard by the word that accompanies the message. If Gen. Sherman wishes to speak with Gen. Logan, who may be stationed miles away, his arrangement of 'key' words may be totally different from those used in communicating with Howard.

"Signal officers, by long practice, are often able to abbreviate messages, especially when they know that the station beyond is commanded by an officer familiar with the abbreviations. A bystander looking on, when a message is being sent, will see the flags in the hands of the men near him waving rapidly, and strain his eyes in every direction to see where the persons are who are taking notes. He will see no one, unless favored by a sight, through the telescope, at the station. The great merit of this system of signalling consists in the secrecy with which messages may be sent, and answers returned, although it is equally advantageous in an engagement, when secret messages are not required and orders are rapidly conveyed from one point of the field to another. It is at this time that the signal officers and men are in the greatest danger. The rebels have an offensive way of intercepting despatches with Minie bullets, sent by the rifle of some sharpshooter detailed to pick off the flagmen and others engaged at the signal station. Signal men are generally mounted on horses, and armed with sabres and Remington's six-shooters.

"Yours, signally,

"ALBERT T., S. C., U. S. A."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, - - - - - - $2,50
Two copies, " - - - - - - - - 4,00
Four copies, " - - - - - - - - 8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club, 16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 35,00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, - - - - - - 4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last nineteen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *extra*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

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A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, *which apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be *duly* forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

SOCIAL NOTIONS.

How much the great majority of our ideas relative to what is modest and proper are mere matters of habit and education! Such is the thought suggested by certain statements relative to the customs in Southern Africa, which are made in a work recently published by T. Baines of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Baines says of female costume in Damara, that "the bonnets are very elaborate pieces of furniture. The head-piece is of stout hide bent while still soft to fit the head, and kept in form by rows of ornamental stitching: the ears seem to be slightly thinner, and are also stitched in such patterns as to give them the proper hollow. The curtain or sun-shade, or 'ugly,' in front, is of very soft leather, and is rolled more or less back at pleasure; and the long strings of iron tubing pendent down the back were formerly made of good thick honest iron, purchased, like their assagais and other ornaments of metal, from the Ovambo. Now, however, since the country has been visited by Englishmen, pieces of hoop and tin are generally substituted. The weight of such a head-dress is no trifle, and, thinking on one occasion that my sister must be weary, I told her to leave her bonnet with me and go to her hut—about the most fearful breach of etiquette, I presently found, a Damara woman could be guilty of, for Dikkup, *if he did not die of shame at seeing her shaven head uncovered, would infallibly kill her for appearing before him in such dishabille.* Actual infidelity would be laughed at compared with such offence against the conventionality of Damara land."

Thus we see that in Damara, the very height of female immodesty is in going without the bonnet, and allowing the shaven head to be seen. How ridiculous this seems to us. And yet probably many of our customs would seem quite as ridiculous to a Damara woman.

INHALATION.

Inhalation, as a cure for certain diseases, seems to be getting in vogue of late. The fumes prevalent in gas-works have been tried, it is said, on the continent of Europe, in cases of hooping-cough. A paper was read at the last sitting of the Academie de Medicine, at Paris, from which it appears that the breathing of an atmosphere charged with the volatile substances which are developed from the matter from which gas is extracted produces the best results. It is further alleged that the immense majority of patients are cured by it, even in most obstinate cases, and at any age; that, even when a perfect cure is not obtained, there is always a great improvement; that the number of inhalations to effect a cure varies between three and thirty, each inhalation in the room provided for the purpose at the gas-works lasting two hours; that winter is less favorable to a cure than warm weather, because of the cold experienced in the room, unless it is warmed; and that the process is perfectly free from danger, whatever may be the age of the patient.

As to what is doing in the way of inhalation on this side of the water, we may call attention to an advertisement which has recently appeared in the *Inquirer* of this city. Said advertisement is as follows:

TO THE PUBLIC.—I would call the attention of the public to the following RECIPE, which I have tried in a number of cases of SCARLET FEVER, TYPHUS FEVER, and in one case of the most malignant SMALL-POX. I have not known a death to occur where it was used according to directions. The following is the plan that I have always adopted:—Put one peck of charcoal in a furnace, and burn the gas off in the open air; then take it to the sick-room, and sprinkle over, it gradually about five pounds of common brown sugar; the sprinkle over it one gallon of cider-vinegar. It should be tried every day for three days to make it effectual. Of course, medical advice is required besides.

SIMON GARTLAND,
No. 30 S. Thirteenth street.

Mr. Gartland refers to Doctors Keating, Crowley, Gegan, McLerney, Coad, Vanpelt, and a number of respectable citizens—but whether in testimony to the value of the above cure, or of his own character, is not stated. We see no reason why inhalation should not be useful in many diseases, and therefore would rather encourage those who feel inclined to test the matter by cautious experiments.

THE INDIANS.

We are pleased to see that a bill for the consolidation of the Indian tribes, and providing for their self-government, is now before Congress, under favorable auspices. The following is a summary of the bill:—

"It provides for the appointment, by the President, of a Governor, who shall hold his office for four years, and shall reside within the territory, and be Commander-in-chief of militia, and Superintendent of Indian affairs thereof. The President shall appoint a Secretary of the Territory, who shall make and preserve a record of the Legislative Council, which shall consist of one member for each one thousand Indians, to be elected by the tribe. Every male member of the Indian tribes, who shall be above the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have been an actual resident of the territory for thirty days, shall be entitled to vote at the election of the Council. No law shall be put in force providing for the sale or incumbrance of real estate, or for the compulsory collection of debts, until approved by Congress; nor shall slavery be permitted within the territory. The remainder of the bill pertains to the organization of courts, appointment of judges, etc."

Senator Lane, in the course of some remarks on this subject, said that amalgamation between the Indians and the blacks produced the finest race of men on the face of the earth. He had seen specimens, and the true anti-slavery men of the country ought to throw open the eighty-four thousand miles of territory to the Indians and negroes, and let them mix as much as they pleased.

As the Indians are a little too wild and unsubmissive a race, and the negroes rather too tame and submissive, perhaps a mixture of the two races would be the best thing for them, as Senator Lane suggests.

THE LAST LOAN.

The sales of the Government loan, commonly called the seven thirties, amounted to the large sum of $26,500,400 during the first week of Mr. J. Cook's management. The first use the proceeds of this loan is to be put to, is the payment of the back dues of the soldiers, some of whom have not been paid for nearly a year, and many for five or six months. But the money is now coming in so rapidly, that the whole loan will probably be taken within the next sixty days.

This is an admirable loan, and we do not wonder that thousands who have only small amounts to invest are putting their money into it. The interest on $100 is just two cents a day, or $7 30 a year. At the expiration of the three years, the principal will be paid back in currency, or in the six per cent. gold bonds of the United States, at the option of the lender. If the rebellion should be crushed this year, these bonds would probably rise at once about ten per cent.

AMUSING.—We find the following serious statement in a recent London paper:

"Those in search of novelties in the way of condiments may like to know that it is said that the Americans now use petroleum oil for salads; but we doubt whether it will be readily adopted here."

The English say the Scotch can never take a joke—and we Americans will soon begin to believe our English friends cannot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FORSAKEN DAUGHTER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

MEDICAL LEXICON. A Dictionary of Medical Science. By ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.; LL. D. Professor in Jefferson Medical College. Thoroughly Revised and Very Greatly Modified and Augmented. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

THE HAND-BOOK OF DINING; OR, CORPULENCY AND LEANNESS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by L. F. SIMPSON. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

SERIALS "The Atlantic Monthly" for March. "Our Young Folks" for March. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A NEW YORK DETECTIVE. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Orange.

Orange, or saffron color, composed of red and yellow, signified, even from the highest antiquity, the revelation of Divine Love. The Messiah is called the Orient, (the East,) and, among the Greeks, Aurora appeared with a saffron-colored veil, the Muses, also, having robes of this color.* The veil of Aurora was a poetic image; but the clothing of the Muses recalls a sacred tradition to mind. The color of saffron indicates the union of the love of God (red) and of the Holy Word, (golden, or yellow,) which comprehends all the sciences or Muses.

Bacchus is the myth representative of the Holy Spirit, the proofs of which M. Portal brings forward in elaborate detail in his chapter on Red. According to Pollux, this divinity wears a saffron-colored garment, and ought to appear so in scenic representations.

The oriflamme was the banner of St. Denis. The French Dyonisius was the same as the Greek Bacchus, in regard to its signification of Holy Spirit, or sanctification of souls. The color of the oriflamme, or golden streamer, was blue or purple; yet its very name is a proof that gold was one essential characteristic of it. The two colors which produce the orange were separated in the oriflamme, but reunited in its name.

In Christianity, orange was the symbol of God inflaming the heart and illuminating the spirit of the faithful. We find some proof of this in the statutes of the order of the Holy Spirit, instituted by Henry III., who ordained that the chevaliers should wear a velvet cross of orange upon their cloaks, and an azure ribbon about their necks.† In the orders of Chivalry, colors were not adopted carelessly, but always to convey a certain meaning.

In the order of the Notre Dame du Chardon, instituted by Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, in 1370, the cross enamelled *green* had *esperance* (hope) for its motto. The grand collar and hat of this order were also green.‡ The cross of Christian Charity, again, instituted by Henry III., was *blue*, and its motto, *pour avoir fidelement servi*, (for faithful service,).

The ribbon of the order of the Holy Spirit is *blue*, and this color has been used with a similar reference among every ancient people. The velvet cross of orange, mentioned above, was certainly not a chance coincidence. In the divine language of symbols, orange signifies love divine revealed to the human soul—the union of man with God.

In the sacred language, the shade composed of red and yellow was the symbol of indissoluble marriage. The consort of the *flamen dialis*, or priest of Jupiter, wore a veil of this shade, and divorce was forbidden him.§ It was on this account, according to Festus, that brides wore the *flammeum*, or flame-colored veil, as a happy omen. Virgil assigns a saffron-colored veil to Helen.‖ The *flammeum* was emblematic of the perpetuity of terrestrial marriage, as the *oriflamme* was a symbol of the eternal duration of heavenly union.

B. Z. S.

* Creuzer, vl., 755.
† Aubin, Palais de l'Honneur, p. 128.
‡ Anselm. p. 129
§ Aull Gell. Noctes Atticæ, lib. x., c. xv.
‖ Et pictum croceo velamen acanthо. Aenied, i., 716, verse 653.

Photographs of the Natural Colors.

We have heard once or twice some rumors of discoveries for taking photographs in the natural colors, but all have died away without making any sign. It seems that an artist at Mauritius has been successful in such an achievement. If we may rely on the following from the *Cernean*, a Port Louis (Mauritius) newspaper:—

Photography has entered upon a new and unhoped-for path, and Mauritius enjoys the honors of this progress, thanks to Chambay, a true adept in photographic processes, who has resided many years amongst us, and obtained great celebrity for his views and other productions. M. Chambay has succeeded in fixing the colors of the object: the picture is taken instantaneously, as in other kinds of photography; the modelling and relief are marvellous, the blood appears to circulate beneath the skin, the color is fixed, and the portraits, which present a surprising resemblance, are equal to the finest pastels, miniature, or water-color drawings. M. Chambay is about to remove to Paris, where he will certainly create a revolution, not in the political, but in the photographic world. We must, of course, before we can form an opinion, practically await the consummation of this threatened revolution; but meanwhile it may not be amiss to mention the progress of another indefatigable laborer in the same field of research. M. Niepce de St. Victor, who, whatever may be M. Chambay's success, will still rank as the first who ever attempted to obtain natural colors by photography, and who, in his ingenious experiments, has had to deal throughout with the murky atmosphere of our northern latitude, instead of the brilliant sky of the Mauritius. M. Niepce, who had hitherto succeeded in reproducing red, yellow, blue, and green, has at length obtained the two great desiderata, white and black. When the chlorided plate comes out of the camera, these two tints are perfectly pure; but as M. Niepce is obliged to fix his colored photographs by means of heat, this operation unfortunately impairs their brightness, and imparts a disagreeable reddish hue to the plate.

☞ A Pennsylvania millionaire—one of the (now) old kerosene aristocracy—wrote the other day to a well known firm, to the following brilliant effect: "Send me per Express, to Eleven Barrel City, a good set of *vermin* for my wife, and mark C. O. D."

☞ It is not enough that you are praised by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not blamed by the bad.

☞ A Hottentot once got up a painting of Heaven. It was enclosed with a fence made of sausages, while the centre was occupied with a fountain that squirted pot-pie.

☞ What is most useful is generally least exhilarating. Light has no color, water no taste, air no odor.

☞ The last will and testament of a shop-keeper of the Rue St. Denis in Paris, who died recently, ended thus: "I desire my heirs to place my body in the hands of men of science, that it may be carefully dissected, for I am determined to know the cause of my death."

☞ Nearly sixteen millions worth in silver was received in San Francisco from the silver mines last year.

A PIECE IN THE STREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who went to Washington, high, sir, ho, sir—
Who went to Washington, ho!
Why Stevens went there,
With his dark Indian hair—
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

And who went with him, high, sir, ho, sir—
Who went with him, ho!
Why Campbell and Hunter,
None more saucy or blunter,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

And what did they go for, high sir, ho, sir!—
What did they go for, ho!
They went to get peace
Like mighty big geese,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

And where did they land, high, sir, ho, sir—
Where did they land, sir, ho!
Right out in the stream
Where no land could be seen,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

And what did they get, high, sir, ho, sir—
What did they get, sir, ho!
Why they got at the least
A very good feast,
High, sir, ho, so, ho!

And what did they say, high, sir, ho, sir—
What did they say, sir, ho!
They said they must win,
Being free from all sin,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

But how will you win, high, sir, ho, sir—
How will you win, sir, ho!
Why we'll fire each part
Of the Southern heart,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

And if this won't do, high, sir, ho, sir—
And if this won't do, sir, ho!
Why we'll all run away,
And thus win the day,
High, sir, ho, sir, ho!

H. H.

Didn't Work.

The Honorable Grantley Berkeley, who several years ago visited our western territories for the purpose of buffalo hunting, has just published in England two volumes of his Life and Recollections, in which he gives a picture of the very peculiar times in which the author was born and flourished. Among his sketches of royal life is a story of Lady Haggerstone's scheme to charm the Regent:—"Her ladyship had at her residence a miniature farm-yard and three pretty little Alderney cattle. When the prince and his friends had arrived she came forward from a side wicket as a milk-maid, for the purpose of making a sylabub for the prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Lady Haggerstone tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher, till she came opposite his royal highness, to whom she dropped a really graceful courtsey. Then passing lightly over the beautiful plaited straw, her tucked-up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her pail and stool conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossest looking Alderneys, she was attempting to commence her rustic labors, but not having selected the right sex, the offended animal did not seem to fancy the performance, for he first kicked out and then trotted away, nearly upsetting stool, pail and Lady Haggerstone, who, covered with confusion, made a hasty retreat back to her little dairy, whence she did not appear again."

What a Woman Can Carry.

The Provost Marshal of Beaufort, N. C., recently arrested a suspicious woman, named Eveline Pigott, as she was about to leave town. On being arrested, with consummate impudence, she blustered about the arrest of high toned southern ladies as though they could do nothing wrong. She was very anxious to return to a house from whence she started, but instead was taken to the Marshal's office, where her person was searched by some ladies, and the following stock in trade found concealed under her clothes: 1 pair of fine boots, 2 pairs of pants, 1 shirt, 1 naval cap, 1 dozen linen collars, 1 dozen linen pocket handkerchiefs, 50 skeins sewing silk, a lot of spool cotton, needles, tooth brushes, hair combs, 2 pocket knives, dressing pins, several pair gloves, 1 razor, four or five pounds assorted candy; also several letters addressed to rebels outside of our lines, denouncing the Federals, calling them Yankees and Buffalos, giving information about the supposed movements of Federal troops, etc. A very large and prominent store in Beaufort was closed, supposed to be in complicity with the above named blockade runner.

A NEW USE FOR MAGNESIUM.—The magnesium lamp promises quickly to become a regular article of furniture in every silk-mercer's show-room. A dyer of Paris some months ago saw the magnesium light for the first time, and discovered at once that its rays left colors unaffected, exclaiming, "That is just what we have long wanted!" Even in Paris there are many days in winter when those who deal with delicate shades of color are utterly at a loss to discriminate between tint and tint; but the magnesium light has completely removed the difficulty. Now, whether it be fog or night, any question as to color is in a moment set at rest in the flame of a bit of magnesium wire.—*Photographic Journal.*

☞ The artesian well in Dalton, Massachusetts, discharges 450 gallons per minute, or 64,000 gallons per day. This, it is said, exceeds every other artesian well in the world, the nearest approach being one in Chicago, which discharges 576,000 gallons a day.

☞ A sleeping car has just been finished in Worcester for the Michigan Southern road at a cost of $11,000. It is furnished with all the modern improvements, including gas and a furnace, and has berths to accommodate forty-eight passengers.

☞ Personal advertisements are very popular in Germany. Here is one from the Cologne Gazette. "To my dear fat friend and his good wife in Meurs, I wish much joy on the birth of their first daughter."

☞ A disciple of Banting, being ordered to take no bread, wants to know if he ought not to eat half a loaf, because that is better still than no bread.

LATEST NEWS.

Admiral Porter's official report of the expedition to Wilmington, N. C., was received by the Navy Department on Saturday. After the evacuation of Fort Anderson the gunboats were pushed up the river. Fort Strong was shelled, and the rebels left. A stray shot struck the Sassacus below the water mark and set her leaking badly. On the night of the 20th the rebels sent down two hundred floating torpedoes, but they were sunk with musketry. One got in the wheel of the Osceola, blew her wheel-house to pieces, and knocked down her bulk-head, but did not damage the hull. The flag was placed on Fort Strong on the 21st, and the next day a salute of thirty-five guns was fired in honor of Washington's birthday.

Gen. Sherman entered Winsboro', S. C., 20 miles north of Columbia, on the railroad leading to Charlotte, on Sunday, the 19th. Since that time nothing has been heard of his movements. A letter from Gen. Grant, dated on the 24th, and received in Washington, says that if Sherman's successes continue a few days longer, the country can safely indulge in exultation.

General Joe Johnston has been ordered to report to General Lee, and it is supposed that he will supersede Beauregard.

A squad of White's guerillas crossed the Potomac near Edward's Ferry, a night or two since, killed three of the First Delaware Cavalry, carried off a number of horses, and robbed a store in the vicinity.

Deserters say that additional troops from Beauregard are arriving at Richmond.

The rebel troops in West Tennessee have gone, and are going south—it is rumored for Mobile.

The rebels are said to intend making a determined resistance at Mobile and at Selma, both of which places they expect to see assailed soon. Forrest has but 2,000, instead of 25,000 men.

☞ THE POET LAUREATE.—The Athenæum, writing on the report that a baronetcy had been conferred on Mr. Tennyson, says:—"Of course no reader of the Athenæum will suppose that we referred to the rumors—current in the papers for many past weeks—without making inquiries on the subject. Our information was ample and precise; and, although we are aware that progress in the matter is for the moment delayed, we still think it likely that Her Majesty's desire to put her favor to the great poet into visible and permanent shape will end in the Laureate becoming Sir Alfred Tennyson, Bart."

☞ There are said to be in the United States fifty thousand heathen. Idol gods are worshipped in two heathen temples in San Francisco. The Chinese have large colonies scattered all over California.

☞ AUSTRIAN NOBILITY.—According to statistical tables just published, there are in the Austrian Empire, 250,000 males entitled to the appellation of nobles. Hungary is down for 163,000; Gallicia, 24,900; and Bohemia, 2,260, among whom are 14 princes, 172 counts, and 80 barons.

☞ A London journal calls "Idyls of the Hearth" a grate subject.

☞ Dr. Lambelle, the eminent Paris physician, says an electric shock is sure to save anybody dying from the effects of chloroform.

☞ The little darkies in Washington are doing a great trade. They swarm the avenue, the Capitol, and the hotels, where they are on the scent for cast-away cigars, plucking them out of the spittoons and corners with an activity that is commendable. These precious relics of convivial cheer they sell to the tobacco venders, to be constructed into fragrant Havanas or delicious plug. It is undoubtedly a sweet reflection to the happy recipient of these choice favors, when enjoying the same, that they were, in their first existence, puffed by some honorable Senator or member of Congress.

☞ A SECOND SOLOMON.—In Quincy, Illinois, lately, two men claimed a calf. Both proved their ownership in the living veal, by clouds of witnesses, and the bothered judge decided to place the calf on the street, at an equal distance from the residence of each claimant, and let him go home. This course was greeted by approval, and the young bovine, with ears and tail erect, soon settled the question by running to the barnyard from which it is claimed to have strayed.

☞ MAPLE SUGAR.—The promise of a good crop of maple sugar this coming spring is said to be better than usual. The snow has been pretty deep in most parts of Vermont and Western Massachusetts, and it has lain steadily upon the ground. We hope the result will fully justify the prediction.

☞ An immense cave, nearly as large as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has recently been discovered about ten miles from Fort Ruby, California. It has been explored to the distance of half a mile. It was found to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The ceiling or arch is fifty feet high. The party explored it to the distance of half a mile in skiffs, and finding no indications of a stopping-place, returned, to explore it further at some future time.

☞ A judge has decided that umbrellas are property, and have a real value. Rather insecure property to invest in though, as it's apt to rise and fall at a moment's notice.

☞ Most of our readers have undoubtedly heard, at some time or other, that a large property in England, estimated at several million pounds sterling, known as the Jennings estate, has been claimed by the American heirs, descendants of the brother and sister of the English Jennings, the former of whom settled in Virginia, and the latter in New Hampshire. The case has been in the English Chancery Court for many years, and the American heirs have spent considerable sums of money in prosecuting their claim to the estate, until at last they have obtained a judgment in their favor. [This is all we know about the matter. Don't write to us about it.—EDS POST.]

☞ Cyprian Ricaud, of Louisiana, is worth over a million of dollars, and is the richest colored man in the United States. The colored people in New York have many rich men, among them Peter Vandyke, Robert Watson, J. M. Gloucester, and Mr. Crosby, who own about $3,000,000 in property, real estate and otherwise. In Philadelphia there are, out of four thousand families, nearly three hundred living in their own houses. Among the rich men are Vidall, Prosser, White, and Stephen Smith, the latter said to be worth over $500,000.

☞ Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," is the United States Consul at Birmingham, England.

GATHERING HEARTSEASE.

I went to gather heartsease
When the bright sun sank to rest,
Drawing all his sheaves of sunlight
To his garner in the west.
When the blossoms and the leaves,
Losing all their golden glow,
In the slowly gathering twilight,
Faintly fluttered to and fro.

All the ground was starred with mayblooms,
Everywhere they met my eye;
But I went to gather heartsease,
So I passed all others by.
Oh! my heart was ne'er so joyous
As it was in those glad hours,
When I wandered light and careless,
Near the woodside gathering flowers.

Then I gave them all to you, dear,
And I looked up in your face,
And I wondered I could fancy
That the flowers had any grace.
Then it was I gathered heartsease,
Then it was, dear heart, I found
That the glory of the maylooms
Did not lie upon the ground.

Ourselves Considered as Spectres

Has it ever occurred to the reader, how nearly akin to a spectre he must be to a great many people? It may not have done so, and as I have no wish to give offence, I will not ask him to assume the white sheet, but will do so myself. The population of our town is set down at about eighty thousand souls, but I am not upon speaking terms with two hundred of the inhabitants, and not the half of those ever grasped my fingers. To the other seventy-nine thousand eight hundred, at least, I am a phantom. Most of them, I suppose, at one time or other, and in this or that place, catch a glimpse of me: I am in thousands of eyes a spectre of the streets, a spirit which saunters through the market-place, a grinding shadow at the concert, or a filmy worshipper at church. What do people think of me? Do any of them consider me to be growing old, or am I held to be still moderately young? Is my style of dress generally approved, or do I now and then wear a hat rather too long, or appear in the same coat too often? Am I thought tall, or dumpy, broad or slim?—does my personal appearance gratify anybody? What, I wonder, do the children playing at the gables think of me—what the old folks—what the men—what the women? To each and all of these, I necessarily am one of the moving figures of the phantasmagoria of our town, and they must form some judgment of my appearance and performance.

Some of them must always see me about one time and one place. I daily pass the same shop-doors and house-windows at nearly fixed hours; and I dare say people, here and there, expect me as they do the milkwoman and the postman. Do any of them say, "Come, Mary, hurry the breakfast things away, there's that man with the light waistcoat gone past?" It may be that to another house I am a pair of plaid trowsers (shall I confess to a weakness for them?), and elsewhere I may be identified as a broad-brimmed hat. I have done all this myself in the case of other people, but brought home in this manner, it is frightful. A few select persons, too, see me from such special point of view, that I must look very queer to them. I wonder how I appear to the parson (it is a large church, and he does not visit), who never sees me excepting from out of the pulpit, as I sit, in the near corner of the pew, looking upwards. I expect I look to him rather long-faced, and I should say he must see that my hair is growing thin at the crown, which, of course, further modifies his notion of me. In the eyes of some people I must be mainly associated with some particular act: they only see me in one certain posture or attitude. What do the people who sit in the next pew, and especially the observant old lady, think of my style of putting my face inside my hat for a few seconds? I wonder if the good folks approve of my singing and my mode of making the responses? The crowds who pass my workroom window only catch a sight of my head and shoulders at the desk—what kind of a being do I seem to be in their eyes? Our very civil ticket collector on the railway only beholds me sitting in the carriage; he cannot know to three or four inches what my height is—in the streets he would only recognize my face: what sort of a person do I appear to him? I will venture on a tiny digression here. How different places, equally with persons, look when seen from certain privileged spots! The church, as it is visible all round from the pulpit, is not the same building to the parson as it is to me from my pew corner, where I only see a part of the nave and portions of the chancel. A court of justice surveyed from the unjostled quiet of the Bench contrasts strangely with the view of the place got from its crowded area. The jury box, I can state from experience, and I should say the dock, though I am not an authority there, also have their own special points of view.

It is very obvious that I cannot answer the questions I have asked as to what people think of me in the respects named, but I can recall what I think of *them* under similar circumstances; and from my own experience, I am sorry to say, I get an inkling that some of them must conceive very queerly of me, and on some points, not unlikely, misjudge me sadly. A good instance, or, perhaps, three or four of them, for I could give lots, may better indicate what I mean. There is a spectre who, at noontide, daily walks the street, on the other side, at the time I pass, attired during two-thirds of the year in a white hat and yellow nankeen trowsers. His sallow, deep-lined visage, somehow, always seems to me to be that of a swindler, and I would not trust the man with twopence ha'penny. I also recall a waddling apparition, clad in rusty black silk, of a simpering old woman, carrying a big umbrella, who is generally being let into a dark-looking house, about ten o'clock of a morning, as I go by, and at the first glimpse, a conviction always rises in my mind that the ancient dame takes snuff and drinks whiskey. But upon seriously cross-questioning myself at this moment, I find that I have not an iota of proof in either case; for anything I could positively state, the one is a philanthropist, going out on errands of mercy, and the other an agent of the Temperance Society: while the horrible thought suggests itself that somebody may associate the idea of murder with my plaid continuations, and may fancy my gait suggestive of bibular excesses. For all that, I shall feel a shudder of repugnance, and experience a spasm of disgust, to-morrow, when I observe the tall nankeen spectre and behold the squat black-silk apparition. On the other hand, to take a contrary instance, it is quite a disappointment to me, if I do not once in the day meet the shade of a ruddy-faced elderly gentleman, remarkable for an unusual expanse of white vest, and the wearing of a bright leaf or two of something in his button-hole; even at Christmas he'll sport a twig of holly rather than be quite bare: he looks so healthy, so prosperous, so jovial, has such an honest mouth, and such twinkling eyes, that it is quite a pleasure to watch him jaunt round the corner and roll briskly towards you. Yet, so far as exact evidence goes, he may be a director of some bubble company, or a manager of a rotten bank, on his way to cook the accounts, or to receive deposits from widows, well knowing they will never be returned. But, despite that possibility, I shall smile at sight of him to-morrow, as from under my hat-brim I enjoy his portly swagger. I also derive some gratification from the occasional glimpses I get of several young lady sprites, about whom I do not feel called upon to enter into further particulars; but I may just say that one of these golden-haired spectres, as I pass her house in the afternoons, looks so lovely, as seen with her face in the side pane of an up-stairs window, that were I but twenty years younger I should be tempted instantly to propose from the pavement below. Perhaps, they are all, if one only knew the truth, shrews, termagants, flirts and coquettes, and, as for their looks, if I saw them at other times and in different places, I might not care for them a bit. Indeed, the more I reflect, the more skeptical I become in all these cases; for I have suffered many surprises and disappointments. I recollect one day seeing the fishmonger issuing from his shop-door, dressed in his best. I had before usually observed him with his mouth open in a circular shape, crying his wares, and lo, he did not now look like the same person; even his face was scarcely recognizable. The old butterman whom I always see resting the point of his knife on the counter as I pass, would most likely have quite another look should I ever see him without his big concealing white apron. It is a disguise to some people simply to put on a hat or to take it off; ladies, now and then, are wonderfully changed, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, by removal of a bonnet. All these accidents tell on our preposessions and antipathies. I may for ever have lost the better opinion of some persons from first meeting their vision with the bows of my necktie awry; but I cheer myself with the hope that on Sundays and holidays my best cravat, and the pearl-headed pin, have won for me many favorable sentiments. It may well be that those who only see me gravely hurrying to and fro at business hours, fancy I am a very severe, stern sort of fogy. How deceived they are! Nearly as completely so as I was, until I saw the elderly dark man, a ghost I had met at a street corner for years, and had always thought what a good brigand he would make, change his sombre visage, one day, into a flash of bewildering sunshine, as he put forth his arms to a little cherub, toddling from nurse's skirts to meet him, shrieking out "Papa!" I recollect one more complete surprise, which resulted from my finding out that the young woman who was so often looking over the blind at the end house in Crescent, had not, as I had firmly believed for months and years, contracted the pallor on her cheeks from reading lackadaisical novels, but, instead, from nursing a sick mother o' nights; and when I saw her, as I had thought, mooning at the window, she was simply watching for her old father, to greet him with a smile as he came back from the office. The ghosts, I admit, puzzle me sadly, and so, no doubt, I do them; but not I think, in all cases in the same way, for the apparition changes with the eyes of those who see it. I do not believe I appear to be at all the same person to different individuals. One day last week, I received from a lady correspondent the photograph of a clerical dignitary,—suppose we agree that it was an archbishop; and the writer playfully called my attention to the forehead, eyes, and nose, asking me if they did not remind me of some one I knew well. Not at all, I wrote back; none of my friends bore the least resemblance to the picture. "Oh, you mystifier," was the charge made in the next epistle; "do look in the glass, it was yourself that was meant." I was thunderstruck. Those eyes, that forehead, and that nose resembling mine! I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the personal appearance of ecclesiastical dignitaries, but really I had thought very differently. I went to the glass, and looked at the *carte* and at myself, again and again, but I could not detect the ghost of a resemblance. Still I am bound to believe in the *bona fides* of my correspondent, and calling to mind how often before I had, with a similar want of success, been called upon to find out a likeness in children and adults, I am forced to the conclusion that even in the matter of chins, mouths, and eyebrows, we don't see one another as we see ourselves in mirrors. The fear horribly suggests itself that nobody else may think me half so good-looking as I have always believed myself to be; perhaps I have got accustomed to that wart on the side of the nose, and yet all the rest of the world may see it newly. Oh dear! I am not only one ghost but a mob of them, just as the observers multiply, and there is no knowing how ill-looking I, in some eyes, may become.

But this subject may be looked at in other modes than the physical; I am more of a moral ghost even than a bodily apparition to many people. What notions do my relatives, my friends, my acquaintances really entertain about me in their hearts of hearts? To begin with the most distant, there are people who have had notes from me, some of them numerous letters, but who never once saw me in the flesh. My handwriting, my terms of phrase, the quality of the stationery, my mode of folding the sheets, have given them some idea of the writer. I am sure many among them have shockingly wrong conceptions. And, indeed, what sublime hypocrisies are kept up in letter-writing! Persons as humble as doves pat on in their epistles the airs of lions; those who never insist upon formalities in personal intercourse, write loftily in the style of Serene Highnesses: they have the honor to be, and venture to submit, and they beg to be allowed to remain; whereas, in ordinary speech, they would blush up to the ears at any such expressions. Well, I unfortunately have committed all these little fooleries, and a nicely erroneous impression of me must be the result in many minds. But there are many other people to whom I have drawn a shade nearer than to my shadowy correspondents, individuals with whom I have actually gone through the process of introduction, lifted hats, touched fingers, interchanged the expected simper; but there stopped,—the acquaintance never going farther. What did they think of the being who solemnly informed them that it was unusually cold, or that the previous day was beautifully fine, or that it was said wet weather was expected? With many again, I have only had business intercourse; scores of times, it may be hundreds we have met, and they always heard me speak in one key, and saw me present the same guarded, unimpassioned stare. The image they have of me is no doubt real as far as it goes, but it is very inadequate. I have found that the most striking examples of misconception in this respect occur in the case of professional gentlemen. Does the reader include a barrister or doctor, among his friends? I made the acquaintance of Fuzbux in plain dress, and we had been intimate for years before I first saw him bewigged and gowned in court. I really could not believe it was Fuzbux; I was afraid of him, and left the building hurriedly; it was villainous that horse-hair and a silk robe should so transfigure a man! I never saw an individual look so hypocritical before, and he has not even yet regained his moral standing in my estimation. In just the other way, Bolus, whom I am sorry to state I had a long time previously known in the consulting-room and the surgery, was quite another person when I met him upstairs in the library; his face was not the same—the style of man was altogether different, as he anxiously showed off his rare old books, and exhibited the preserved head of a large pike he had caught from his own angling. But passing over these more outside considerations, let us go still deeper:—what opinions do my very intimates really entertain of my intellectual abilities, my moral characteristics, my business capacities, my social qualifications? Some time ago, a female friend read over to me before posting it a letter which she and her husband had jointly concocted, giving a description of me to a third person. "He is rather clever," this precious epistle stated of myself. The lady, dear good soul as she is, remarked in a parenthesis, that she was for saying "very clever," but Ralph thought the other phrase better. So the truth was out; the friend (and he was quite honest) who, as I had always until then believed, considered me an intellectual paragon, really and truly thought I was rather clever! I have made other extraordinary discoveries as to the grotesque judgments your friends make of you. I pass over the incident of the lady who thought I was very plain-looking, but admitted I had a pretty instep; as also, the case of the gentleman who objected to my style of dress with the exception of my pocket-handkerchiefs, which he considered were neat and tasteful. Those were simply absurdities; but what am I to think of an old acquaintance who for years had often cried and laughed at my pathetic and witty way of putting things, at an evening party, not long since, publicly giving it as his opinion, that, though I was not much of a conversationalist, I could play a decent game of draughts? I was utterly overwhelmed, and I was not well recovered when, the same night, after making a brilliant post-prandial speech, I subsequently found that my oratorical abilities were specially ignored by the individual to whom I had looked up for the highest encomiums, and that the feat of skill with which I should hereafter stand directly associated in his mind was my ingenuity in making rabbit-shadows on the wall to please the children. I painfully perceive that not only am I ghost, but I am a ghost seen by purblind people, to some of whom I do but look like a tree walking. Whether I am any the more fortunate in reference to my business capacities I do not know. I have not yet appeared in the Gazette, but remarks have occasionally been breathed to me in the recesses of my hearth, and subsequently corroborated by observations from other intimate quarters, which tend rather to indicate that those nearest me ascribe the circumstance more to good-luck than to excellent management on my part. I am somewhat inclined to think, that, in these respects, those standing close to you see you more inaccurately than those farther off. My architect friend triumphantly carried off a competition a week or two back for a Town Hall, and none of his own circle would believe it; and the same general incredulity was at first expressed among his intimate associates, when my other acquaintance published his successful novel. Both these individuals had been living at our elbows for years, and we did not know them—had not an inkling as to who and what they were. The only human being who ever thoroughly appreciated my own possibilities on such like points was my good mother. I was less of a ghost with her than with anybody else. She, I think, would not have considered it beyond my deserts if I had been made Lord Chancellor at a dash, or had received a request to allow myself to be inducted into an archbishopric. My male parent had something of the stony glitter in his eyes, and was not so sanguine in his estimate: he was a self-willed man, and generally insinuated, however well I managed, that in his own hands the result would have been just a thought more satisfactory.

And similar misjudgments, I fear, happen in yet more serious matters. I was unable to lend an acquaintance fifty pounds when it was asked, and at the same time could not well explain how I came to be without the means. I have a sickening conviction that the jolly fellow I should have so liked to oblige, contracted a bitterness of soul towards me, when he saw me, as it would appear to him, rolling in wealth and yet tightening my purse strings against the call of a friend. I shall be to him a selfish sneak as long as he lives. A brother business man, not long since, begged me to back a bill for him. I explained that a solemn vow, consequent on the narrowest possible escape from ruin in that way previously, prevented me; but I know he did not believe what I said, and will most likely carry a cordial hatred of me, as an unfeeling niggard, to his grave. A young lady I could name will curl her beautiful lip at mention of me till her last breath, because I did not eulogize to her father a wild fellow who I knew had broken the hearts of two girls before. I am a misused ghost, a wrongly-seen apparition in all these, as in many other instances.

Ah me, it is the same story all round; and without prolonging it till it becomes tiresome, let us all take home the moral—that is, to keep well before us, not far in the background of our mutual judgments, the abiding thought that we *may* be mistaken, that it is possible those who seem to look, speak, and act so equivocally have an explanation if we did but know it. Those who make such a villainous appearance from the other side of the street, might possibly look quite otherwise closer to; the man who is so heavy and taciturn in the shop is, it may be, as lively as a linnet in the parlor; and he who is so unbending and exact over the ledger in his office, may have children impatiently watching for his return home, anxious for the usual romp. In the meantime, let us all hold ourselves ready for great surprises Hereafter, when we escape from this land of spectres to the unghostly realm (there has been a serious mistake in reversing ideas here,) where we shall all with frequent astonishment have to renew our acquaintanceships afresh. Bearing this in mind, I am certainly very charitable at this moment.

W. C.

Mary Canavan.

It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish Government during the eventful period of the Irish Famine of 1846-7.

I was a Poor Law Inspector, and had a large district in my charge. I had necessarily to go about a good deal and visit Workhouses, Hospitals, and Relief Stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance as a rule was an outside Irish jaunting-car, and, with one horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over fifty long Irish miles.

I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district. My man servant,—coachman, groom, butler, valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called "Mick"—accompanying me. The night before I left on this particular journey, in which occurred an incident which I am about to relate, I told Mick to be sure to stock the "well" of the car with rye bread, which I used to bake in my own house, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see, was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads, I have seen people who, to my official knowledge, were in the receipt of the full amount of ration relief, literally looking starved. The avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the "well," satisfied me that the money which was sent to us Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of the United Kingdom to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bake-houses, did all the good which it was intended to do, and even more than the generous donors could have anticipated.

I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and through the island generally, such a day amidst such scenery, would have brought its fullest enjoyment.

Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with vernal beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the sea coast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across the "blasted heath." At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to inspect.

The path, or road, or whatever else one might chose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us.

Mick, who was never much inclined to wrap himself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out,

"What on earth, sir, is that before us?"

"Where?" said I.

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us!—a body stretched across the road."

On looking before me, at about a hundred yards' distance, I saw that to which Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station at ——, but we shall soon know."

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about forty years of age.

Accustomed as I was to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so attenuated that I could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been removed.

While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no habitation for miles around.

"Possibly," I said, "life is not quite extinct," and, recollecting the little smattering of doctoring which I learned in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have.

"Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For what, sir?" said he. "Bedad, it would take more than your honor could do, to bring her back again."

"Well," I added, "do what I tell you, Mick, and let us hope for the best."

We lifted the body and placed it against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask, (a pretty large one, by-the-way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This convulsion was to my great delight speedily followed by a faint hiccup, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have the intense satisfaction of restoring a fellow creature to life.

Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushions of the car we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed and rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and various other indications of returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on, however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started for ——.

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when we encountered a most abominable stench, which was so sickly, that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to the right our attention was directed to a thin column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from whence the smoke issued, and scarcely able to breathe from the offensive odor, which became worse and worse, I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation, if such it could be called, an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here were laying two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition, an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of the sight I saw. It was horrible beyond description. It occurred to me at once that the woman we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the lifeless state of exhaustion in which we found her.

And so it turned out to be when I made subsequent inquiry.

We now resumed our journey, and at last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies removed and buried.

The next day I returned to headquarters, and from time to time afterwards had letters from the doctor reporting to me that the woman very speedily recovered, and out of moneys placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the shape of clothing.

A couple of months or more passed away, and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came into the country. The people began to look better, and every one was in better spirits.

My visits to the remoter stations of my district were necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to discharge at the town in which I lived, and where the union workhouse was situated. They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor Law service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control them.

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at ——, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavored to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said,

"Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the crayture we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope we shall never see such a sight again."

"Amen, sir," said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could. We drove on for a couple of miles, when we met a group of the peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian meal stirabout.

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embraced, and I saw a girl about eighteen years of age kissing my feet.

"What do you want, my good girl?" said I.

"Ah! your honor," said she, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan?"

"Mary Canavan! surely you cannot be the woman I—"

"Ah! yes, sir," she cried.

And there she was, the shrivelled bag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen, and all by the simple administration of wholesome food for a few weeks.

To those who saw scenes such as I did, this will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland with all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.

The Death-Watch.

The "death-watch" is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operations, rubs the neck and chest together, by which means this (to some persons) terrible omen is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured, this beetle feigns death with the strongest pertinacity, preferring, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than betray the least sign of vitality. The "death-watch," on account of its retired habits, minute size, and dark color, is very seldom seen; and as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith by some persons it is regarded. It is not larger than a good-sized flea.

The Offended Dog.—A gentleman living in lodgings, having a dog, which, in wet and dirty weather, much annoyed the mistress of the house, she desired it might be put away. To comply with her request, without thinking to do the animal any injury, the owner contrived one evening to enter the house, and shut the door so suddenly that the dog was excluded. Being unwilling to lose his faithful quadruped, he rose early the next morning, and went in pursuit of it, and, to his great joy, found it walking on a wharf which he had been accustomed to frequent. He was, however, much mortified and surprised to find that all his attempts to invite the creature to his caresses were treated with the utmost contempt. The dog, as if conscious of the unmerited insult it had received, disowned the man who had been cruel enough to exclude it from the house. Thus is continued, subsisting by roving to and fro, and no efforts or overtures could ever induce the dog to acknowledge its former master. The dog was finally taken on board a ship, and carried to sea.

Not Much of a Dunce.—An "idea-modeller" writes:—I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool.

"Is that the dunce block?" I asked of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out—

"I guess so: the teacher always sits on that." The stool was unoccupied that term.—*Waltham Sentinel.*

☞ It is not very hard to die for those we love, but do you know the love required to live with them? What amount of it can stand before a conflict of natures?

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

By Florence Percy.

Poor heart, worn out with aching,
With troubled dreaming and with joyless waking,
How sweet and well attended
Shall be thy rest, when all thy toils are ended!

My tired head, pillowed purely
In virgin earth, there shalt thou rest securely;
No one shall dare molest thee,
Of all the cruel ills which have oppressed thee.

Those whom thy love has cherished
Will weep for thee, and mourn that thou hast perished;
But grass will grow about thee,
And all the world go on the same without thee.

Perhaps, for one brief summer,
The birds will fly before some lonely comer,
Who used to prize and love thee,
And stays to strew fresh flowers and tears above thee.

But love grows weary, crying
To silent hearts which utter no replying,—
Awhile he will regret thee,
Then wipe his eyes and sigh, and so forget thee.

The butterfly, alighted
Upon thy peaceful bosom, unaffrighted,
Shall sip the blooms above thee,
And spread and shut his wings, unmindful of thee.

The timid rabbit, stopping,
With ears alert, to hear the acorns dropping,
Shall pass unscared, and leave thee,
And turn with quick bright eyes, yet not perceive thee.

At eve the clear-voiced thrushes
Shall make the sweet air throb with music gushes,
Yet wake no thrill within thee,
Nor from thy deep undreaming slumber win thee.

The wood-birds, which love only
The haunts which men have left untracked and lonely,
Upon the sods which hide thee,
Shall drink the dew, and sit and sing beside thee.

The squirrel at his pleasure
Frisking, shall fill his cheeks with winter treasure,
And with no cause to fear thee,
Shall his ripe nuts, and dig his storehouse near thee.

The cuckoo, for thy hearing,
Shall pour his tender monotone unfearing,—
The whippowil bewail thee,
With tender constancy that shall not fail thee.

The brook, from leafy cover,
Shall tell the story of thy life-time over,
To the dim shades which throng thee,
Nor once in all the sweet recital wrong thee.

The pine that guards thy sleeping,
Shall hold thy memory in fragrant keeping,
With balsam-tears deplore thee,
And build with cones an odorous altar o'er thee.

Then, burdened heart, with patience
Bear thou thy load of trials and temptations;
For sweet and well attended
Shall be thy sleep, when all thy toils are ended!
—*Portland Transcript.*

A DREAM,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

By Bella Z. Spencer.

One stormy evening this winter, we were sitting in my room before a glowing grate—Mrs. Grant and I—she talking, I listening, while the wind whistled and the windows shook dismally. I seem to see her now as she leaned back in my great easy chair, her feet upon a stool, and the two fair little hands that looked like a child's, folded over her cap lightly. The picture was both pretty and touching. Though quite old, she bore few traces of age. Her face was smooth and soft, her hair black and shining, neatly folded away under a charming little lace cap, trimmed with purple ribbons. There was a smile upon her lips as she ceased speaking and sank back as I have described her, but tears were on her cheeks, shining like dew below her spectacles. Since that evening I have often recalled her in just that position, calm and exquisite in every detail of feature and dress. The quakerish style she assumed, became her better than any one I ever saw, and as she was a special favorite of mine, I suppose I may be pardoned for saying she looked perfectly beautiful, though many who knew her but slightly, failed to understand my enthusiastic admiration, and seldom failed to tease me if I spoke of her, about my *penchant* for old ladies.

She had been telling me a long sad story—a story that the world would sneer at as the creation of a morbid imagination, were I to write it. Step by step she led me up through the flowery paths of youth to womanhood, where the clouds lowered and storms broke mercilessly over her head. I understood now why she was so gentle and serene, why her character was so spotlessly pure and lovable in her old age. She had passed through the fires of affliction early, and all the dross of her nature had been consumed. From that time she went on her way so calmly, so quietly, that old Time in tender pity, tempered the weight of his touch to feathery lightness, so that the evening of life found her unbowed in form, and as fresh in appearance as many a woman at forty.

Presently the little clock upon the mantel chimed the hour, and as the tenth stroke rang clear and sweet through the chamber, she rose smilingly and held out her hand.

"Ten o'clock, and I have kept you from your writing all the evening. It is too bad. I am afraid, too, that I have saddened you. Do not think about it, child. I am much better and happier for what has happened to me. Bitter lessons are often needed to teach us how to live, and mine were such as were necessary for my good. I would not have it otherwise. Why I have told you my history, I cannot tell. This is the first time I have indulged in retrospecting the Past for thirty years, and why the impulse should have come upon me, is a question I cannot answer. Perhaps there was a purpose in it—who knows, and you will remember my experiences to your own advantage sometime. Good-night, dear, and God bless you."

She came to my side, bent to kiss my forehead tenderly; then as if impelled by a stronger impulse, caught me close to her bosom and pressed kiss after kiss upon my lips. Her breath fanned my face, fragrant as a child's, and her little hands were so velvety in their touch, I could not forget the sensation for a long time after she left the room with that sweet smile upon her lips, and a repetition of her "good-night" in tenderer, more lingering accents.

I took the chair she had vacated, after listening to her steps as she glided down the hall, and turning the gas jet round so as to fall properly upon my book, began to read. I must have grown sleepy very soon, for it was only eleven o'clock when I woke from a slumber to find the book had fallen to the floor, and with cold perspiration drenching my face and hair. I had been dreaming of Mrs. Grant, and what I suffered in that dream is beyond the power of description.

In this dream I seemed to be standing in the shadow of a stately house, totally strange to me. No remembrance of the people or place familiarized a single scene; but as I paced back and forth upon a terrace, a strange man passed me, his face grave and gloomy, and his manner singularly expressive of distress.

Soon crowds of people began to gather upon the terrace, and I turned to the stranger to ask him what it meant.

"There is to be an execution," he replied. "A woman has been condemned to death."

I turned from the spot, intending to avoid the scene, but he commanded me sternly to remain where I was, and I had no power to move.

Standing there in the shadow, mute and cold with the dread and horror that had seized me, I heard the sound of measured steps, and slow, sad music swept through the place like a requiem. It is singular how distinct and impressive the details of dreams often are; and in that moment I recognized the notes of the air performed, which was like a funeral chant—could count my own heart-beats, hear the measured footsteps upon a marble pavement, and see the eager, yet sad and gloomy faces of those who waited for what was coming.

I saw, as I watched the crowd, that the people all seemed to be Catholics, and the man who spoke to me, a priest. Catching my eye, he came close to my side, and said solemnly:

"This woman who is to die has violated her faith in a manner which forces the Church to strangle her. Death is attached to her crime as its sole penalty, and there is no help for her this side of Heaven."

He bowed his head and groaned so bitterly that I asked in pity,

"Is she anything to you?"

"My mother! Oh, my mother!" was the reply uttered through sobs like an appeal, and then I saw the tears falling like rain over his pale cheeks.

The next moment he advanced toward a platform around which clustered some nuns, and one or two priests. Between two of the nuns stood a woman robed in white, and as she turned in mounting the platform, I saw the features of Mrs. Grant.

A cry of dismay died in my throat, and I tried to spring forward, but could not. Her eyes were fixed upon mine for one moment with an expression of terror and agony, as if she would implore my aid, but the next instant, the distress all faded and gave place to that same sweet smile which had lingered around her lips in parting only a little while before, and she knelt meekly to receive her doom.

I was conscious of surprise in my dream, for until that moment I had not known that she was a Catholic. She had never said anything to lead me to suppose she belonged to the church, and I wondered at it, for I had known her a long time. Afterwards, in my waking hours, the same surprise seized me when I learned that she was a Catholic in truth, and had been for many years.

After kneeling with her face still turned to me, she folded the fair little hands quietly over her bosom, while two of the nuns placed a long white scarf about her neck, crossing the ends and each holding one at the side while they began slowly to tighten it.

As the pressure became stronger, cries of agony escaped her. I can never forget the horror of that death struggle, so fearfully distinct in every detail. To me an eternity of misery was embodied in it, while I was utterly incapable of moving from the spot.

Gradually her struggles ceased, and her face grew pale as marble. I wondered at that, for I thought in strangulation the face must grow black; but her features were as pallid as snow, while no trace of the agony seemed to linger upon it.

Slowly her form began to sink backward—then the nuns would loose the scarf with a refinement of cruelty, until life began to return, when they would again tighten it with savage pleasure shining from their glittering eyes.

At length it was over. I stepped forward to look upon her dead face, wearing that sweet smile at the last, so winning, so touching in its gentle beauty, that my tears fell fast over the mass of dark hair scattered over her bosom. With a loving intensity of feeling never exceeded in waking moments, I pressed the dark-fringed lids over the blue eyes, and stooped to kiss her as she had kissed me, with a full heart. As I raised my head, all the crowd had vanished, and the dark-browed stranger stood alone by the dead woman's side.

"May God bless you!" he said, in a low, husky voice, and with his pitifully sorrowful eyes haunting me, I stole quietly away, leaving him alone. I had just passed beyond a wide gate, under a solemn looking arch, when the horror of the scene I had witnessed seemed to rush upon me with redoubled power, and I awoke to find myself cold, trembling, and drenched with the dews of agony.

For some time after waking, I sat still and thought over this singularly fearful dream. I had not been reading anything to suggest it before sleeping. Nor was there a word in Mrs. Grant's story of an hour previous, to superinduce anything so frightful in connection with it. Nothing had occurred within my recollection to give rise to such a freak of the imagination; so as I sat pondering this dream, my heart heavy to aching, I discarded my old theory of dreams in which I insisted that they were but reproductions of former events or a carrying out of that on which the mind was previously occupied in the hours of sleep.

It was quite late when I retired, and, naturally enough, I slept badly. When morning dawned, I rose quite weary, and went out for a walk by sunrise in the hope of shaking off the impressions which hung so heavily upon my mind.

The snow lay whitely over roof and pavement as I walked, but I did not heed it. The bracing, frosty air and bright sunlight upon gleaming icicles fringing the eaves of each house, seemed to give me new life and I walked until weary, then went home for a late breakfast.

As I left the table to go to my room, a girl came to my side and whispered:

"Mrs. Grant is very ill, and has asked for you several times. I knocked at your door, but got no answer, and we could not find you in the house."

"I will go up at once," I said, with a sickening sensation at heart, and a moment later I stood at her door.

As I entered the room, the feeling of horror so terrible to sustain in my dream came over me, for there stood a priest and two Sisters of Charity by Mrs. Grant's bed. The Sisters supported her upon either side, while her dark hair fell upon her shoulders over her white night robe. It was the same picture I had seen in my dream as the nuns placed her on the platform, and the look she gave me as her eyes fell upon me in entering, was the same, half agony, half terror, fading away into the beautiful smile of sweet serenity.

I stood still, spell-bound and mute, unable to move a limb in the strange sensation which quivered through every nerve. And as I stood rooted to the spot, a spasm seized her in which the same gurgling cries of strangulation and that fearful death struggle were reproduced. When it was over, she sank back upon the pillows, white and still, and an impulse drew me to her side. I bent over the beloved form while my tears fell upon her hair, and lovingly closed the sweet blue eyes, while her features settled into that calm, smiling repose, which I remembered so well. When I looked up the sisters had withdrawn and only the priest remained, standing near me with folded arms and sorrowful features.

"You have been kind to her, and she loved you," he said gently and in a low tone. "God bless you!" And I saw that his tears flowed freely. I could not resist the impulse, and turned to him with the question:

"What is she to you?"

"She was my mother," he answered sorrowfully, "but now she is an angel in Heaven."

"I did not know she had a son," I responded in bewilderment. "She told me that her only child, a son, was lost in infancy."

"Yes, lost to her. I was but a child when my father gave me to the church, and from that day I was as wholly lost to her as if the grave had closed over me. In late years I have watched over her, since my father died, but she did not know it. To the moment of her death, she knew me not as a son, but a father confessor only. I would not bring back painful regrets and bitter sufferings to disturb her declining years, by a revelation of the truth, so she rests sweetly at last, and one great solace of my own life is gone. It was a comfort to watch over my mother's spiritual welfare."

I asked no more questions. All he said bore the stamp of sincerity, and I could doubt nothing, however strange, under these strange circumstances. But this dream and what followed, have left upon my mind impressions which can pass away only with my own life.

THEO LEIGH.

By the Author of "Denis Donne," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

POOR FRANK.

"The best plan will be to keep Frank out of papa's way as much as possible," Ethel thought the next morning, as she stood fastening her cuffs at her dressing-room window, preparatory to going down to breakfast. She had passed an anxious night about this "boy," as she termed him, who was more like a brother to her than a nephew. Hitherto Frank had appeared to be brightly oblivious of the fact of his grandfather having no overweening affection for him. But now evidently the fact had dawned upon him, and from what he had said to her the previous night, when she had suggested that he should marry, he was rather more disposed to resent it as an injustice than to strive to alter it.

"Papa feeds his wrath by looking at that wretched picture. Sir Hugo, you were a bad Burgoyne, for your fatal influence is at work even now, making papa believe that Frank's little follies will develope into big crimes. There he goes," she continued, throwing up the window, and leaning out to look after Frank, who was cantering across the lawn towards some hurdles. "Don't be late for breakfast, Frank. Good gracious, you have papa's horse," she added hurriedly; but Frank did not hear, and so cantered on, waving his hat to her as he rode. "A fool John must have been to let him take the Baron," she said aloud, in a vexed tone, as she watched the old brown hunter with the short dock going over the lawn with Frank on his back. The first morning of his visit, too, and he knows what papa is about that old horse. How could John let him make such a mistake?"

She turned from the window and went down stairs into the oak parlor, their breakfast-room when they were alone. There she found her sister, but not her father, as she had hoped. For the oak-parlor windows did not command that lawn over which Frank had been cantering, and she had hoped that his error of judgment might still pass unknown and unnoticed.

"Where's papa, Grace? Do you know that silly boy is riding the Baron? What is to be done?"

"I don't know, Ethel. I must answer that to all three of your questions. Oh! here's papa."

They went forward to kiss him as she spoke, and read in his face that their troublesome pet was safe still. Lord Lesborough's brow was serene.

"The old man is the first afield," he said, seating himself and opening the paper. "Master Frank not down yet, I conclude."

This not being a direct appeal, Miss Burgoyne busied herself with the coffee, and Ethel with the Times advertisement sheet, and neither answered it.

"While I," Lord Lesborough continued, "have already been down to the home farm walking."

"Walking! What was that for, papa?"

"The old pony caught his leg over the halter and threw himself down and lamed himself in the night, and so, as I shall want the Baron after breakfast, I thought I would walk."

Both daughters trembled a little guiltily as the father spoke. The Baron had been spared by him at his own personal inconvenience, to what end [illegible]

"I ought to have thought of reminding Frank last night that the old brown horse is still held sacred," Ethel thought, with a twinge of self-reproach. "How could the poor boy be expected to remember such a trifle?"

The breakfast proceeded slowly, and still Frank did not come in.

"Had you not better send up to Mr. Burgoyne's room, my dear?" Lord Lesborough asked, as he sent up his cup for a second supply of coffee. "Your late walk last night, Ethel, has knocked up a young gentleman, who doubtless keeps much earlier hours when he is away from us."

When he said this, his two daughters felt still more uneasy, for Lord Lesborough was invariably waxing angry when he attempted to be ironical, and called Frank, "Mr. Burgoyne."

"Oh, papa, now he wouldn't pretend that it was the walk—but he *had* a long journey yesterday, you know," Ethel remarked deprecatingly.

"I suppose his mother carries his tea up, when he condescends to live with her, whenever he's lazy."

Lord Lesborough rarely failed in lashing himself up into a rage with his grandson, when he began to speak of that grandson's mother.

"I dare say his mother is quite wise enough not to question his right to please himself in such matters," Ethel exclaimed.

It seemed to her that there would have been disloyalty to the dead brother in suffering a disparaging remark on the living sister-in-law to pass unrebuked.

"Here he comes!—such a cup of coffee for you, Frank!" Miss Burgoyne exclaimed, smiling brightly at him as he entered; but the offender did not recognize either the offer of the coffee, or the smile that accompanied it. He went directly up to his grandfather; he still held his hat in his hand, and he looked pale and agitated.

"Good morning, sir," he began. "You will be very much annoyed with me, I fear, when I tell you what I have been unfortunate enough to do this morning."

Ethel's heart sank, and her prophetic soul told her that her fears when she first saw him on the Baron had not been groundless.

"Good morning, sir. What have you done?" his grandfather replied, quietly putting down the paper, and pushing his spectacles up on his forehead as he spoke. There was little of either cordiality or conciliation in Lord Lesborough's manner, and his grandson keenly marked the want of these things.

"I took the Baron out this morning, and I have been unfortunate enough to let him down and cut his knees in landing him over a hurdle and ditch at the end of the west lawn. I am very sorry, both for the horse and your displeasure."

He said nothing of his own dislocated elbow, and Lord Lesborough saw nothing of it. The old man was moved to a deeper anger than his soul had known since his only son had married this present offender's mother.

"Had you regarded my displeasure—had you given one thought to my wishes—you would never have touched the horse," was all he said.

Then Frank turned away from him, and Ethel rose, crying, out:

"Don't you see he is hurt himself, papa? Don't mind the horse—*he* is hurt. Where is it, Frank?"

"My arm is broken, I believe," he replied, going and throwing himself on one of the couches. "Had it been my neck, Lord Lesborough would have forgiven me for marking the Baron's knees. As it is—"

"I will send for a doctor," Lord Lesborough interrupted, rising and walking towards the door; "he will be more beneficial to you just now than my forgiveness."

"Things look well for Harold Ffrench, don't they, Ethel?" Frank Burgoyne asked, with a faint attempt at a smile, as Ethel knelt down by his side, and shuddered over the disabled limb. "He will remember this against me, I'm certain."

"Dear Frank, how could you be so reckless?"

"Don't ask questions, dear Ethel. Aunt Grace, you'll stay with me till the doctor comes, won't you? And Ethel, you go and write a note to a man called Linley, telling him of my accident, and that before it happened I had time to go and see that the shooting-box at Lownds will just suit him. He may take it with the greatest safety, tell him; and add, that the sooner he comes the better I shall like it. Will you, Ethel?"

"I will, Frank. But Linley, he's just one of the very men papa does not like you being so very intimate with. Is he coming?"

"Not here—catch him at Maddington! But I suppose Lord Lesborough will suffer him to come into the neighborhood and shoot the harmless partridge, and by and by hunt the depredating fox without questioning his right to do either. Yes, write, and don't worry me, Ethel, for, by Jove, this arm of mine—"

He paused, and did not say what that arm of his was precisely, but Ethel guessed that it was too painful to admit of polite conversation even with her just at present. So she went and wrote the letter, and then brought and perused it for his approbation.

"Will it do?" she asked.

"Yes, it will do. You have said just the right things, and not too many of them. 'Pon my word, Ethel, our understandings match so admirable, that I have often thought it a pity that a man may not marry his father's sister. Don't forget to send it off by to-day's post. Ah! here comes the apothecary."

The gentleman he thus irreverently designated being the Hensley surgeon, who has come up to do his best for the injured limb, the two ladies left Frank with his doctor, and his own man, who had entered at the same time.

"His arm is worse than broken. I believe his elbow is dislocated," Miss Burgoyne said in a melancholy tone. "Poor Frank!"

"Papa is too hard, too hard," Ethel replied warmly. "It's cruel and wicked to be so prejudiced against your own flesh and blood, as he is against Frank; and Frank has always taken it so beautifully, hasn't he, Grace? Never seemed to see it till to-day."

"Perhaps papa would have been better inclined towards him if he had seemed to see it and feel it a little more; and yet one doesn't know; nothing, I fear, would ever have made him heartily fond of Frank."

"When Mr. Burch is gone, we will hear how Frank is, and then have the car, and go down and call on Miss Leigh—shall we, Grace? And we'll get Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and her to come up to dinner. It will be better to have some one, than for Frank to be alone with only papa and us in the evening. Shall we?"

"Yes, we will, dear. Not that I see how it would be possible for Frank to get wrong with papa, when he is obliged to keep quiet on the sofa; we always are in a terrible turmoil while that boy is here," the placid lady continued, calmly. Then they went their respective ways till such time as the doctor departed, and they might learn how great Frank's injuries really were.

Mrs. Vaughan was in such a satisfied frame of mind, that she seemed to be another woman on the morning after her niece's arrival. She had gone to bed big with hope, and had straightway fallen into dream-fraught slumbers, that were far more refreshing than dream-fraught slumbers usually are. She had supped on the reflection that Lord Lesborough did not desire his heir to wed for money, and the supposition that Mr. Burgoyne was or was going to be attracted by Theo. She had supped on these, and the supper did not disagree with her.

"I shall take you round the garden and over the village this morning, Theo, my dear," she said, briskly, when Theo came into the room, and seated herself at the breakfast table; "that is, if you'll like to go, I will take you; later in the day we may expect Mr. and the Misses Burgoyne."

"He said the morning, Aunt Libby."

"It will be 'morning' whenever they come, Theo; remember that. Theo, on no account call it 'afternoon;' even if they should come at five, it's morning to them, and they must suppose that it's morning to you also. Can't you eat anything, my dear?"

"Nothing, thank you," Theo replied. She hated the prospects of going over the garden and round the village in Mrs. Vaughan's wake—it destroyed her appetite, and made her wish herself back at Bretford again. Something of this must have been visible in her face, for presently her aunt said:

"You must stay with me till you get your appetite and your roses up, my dear; you must stay with me a long time, Theo; I shall have you stay a long time."

Theo tried hard to think of something nice and proper to say; the effort resulted in a simple "thank you, aunt," after all.

"I wish you to stay, I'm very anxious indeed that you should stay a long time," Mrs. Vaughan went on with a slightly flushed face, "and you ought; and so ought your parents—if they knew what was good for you, which they don't—to wish it as well instead of looking as if you thought you'd be dull."

"I do, aunt. I do wish it; dull, I don't mind being dull, I assure you."

"Well, my dear," the old lady rejoined with a perceptible softening of manner and spirit, "so much the better, and you have more good sense than I gave you credit for; I shall keep you with me for a long time, and if you have any young friend you would like to have with you to make a change, you may ask her to come and stay with you; there, what do you say to that?"

"That I am much obliged—you are very kind, I mean," Theo replied, absently. She was wondering whether she should or should not avail herself of this offer, and invite Sydney Scott down to share with her the desperate dullness of Hensley, and the dubious delights of Maddington. "I needn't decide yet," she thought, "but if it's any one, it shall be Sydney."

She however decided that Sydney should come long before that morning walk came to a conclusion. Mrs. Vaughan was disheartening in the garden, and distressing in the village. She would, while in the former, indulge in a prolonged weeding of a bed of variegated geraniums; and she would not suffer Theo to assist her in the task, or accede either amicably or at all to Theo's suggestion that she "might as well just walk round by herself, and come back to her aunt when her aunt had done the bed." Mrs. Vaughan ordained that Theo should remain within conversational range, and Mrs. Vaughan's ordinations admitted of no appeal. Theo resigned herself to the situation,—strove to appear interested in the account of the Maddington *menage*, with which her aunt diversified the running commentary she was pleased to deliver on "Theo's chances in that quarter,"—and resolved that when the subject should be mooted again of the "young friend coming to make a change," she would mention Sydney Scott as one peculiarly adapted for the honor.

"At all events we shall be able to take long walks together, and escape from Aunt Libby with less appearance of design than I see I shall ever be able to effect alone," she thought. Then her meditations were cut short by Mrs. Vaughan requesting her to fill a watering-pot out of the garden tank, which Theo did to the detriment of her well-starched morning dress, and the consequent downfall of her aunt's amiability.

"So careless of you, child; however your father can afford to clothe you at all, if you ruin your things in this way, I can't think. Don't tell me that 'it's nothing,' and 'that it will wash;' I know it will wash, and I know that it's not nothing, for washing costs a great deal of money, and a great deal of money is what your father can't or oughtn't to spend about you. *Our* income wouldn't stand it, I know that."

"I don't carry watering-pots about and spill their contents daily, Aunt Libby; this is an out of course proceeding, remember." Theo was ceasing to be seriously affected, in other words "cut up," by her aunt's habit of reproaching stormily. She found it tedious simply, terrible no longer.

"A lady should be able to do all such things neatly, Theo; I have no patience with that ridiculous air of fine ladyism you affect. Not accustomed to carry water-pots, indeed; absurd in your position to be above such things; you would be thought far more of if you could do any little thing of the sort in a neat, graceful way, instead of being as awkward and untidy as an untrained country-girl."

Mrs. Vaughan rose from her crouching position she had taken up over the bed of variegated geraniums with the abruptness of unmitigated but doubtless most righteous anger. She was checked midway in her effort to regain the upright by a terrible jerk, which made a wide rent in the white China crape shawl she had unwisely arrayed herself in prematurely for the walk through the village. On Theo's going to her assistance, it was discovered that Mrs. Vaughan, in the heat of her argument in favor of graceful carefulness and neatness, had fastened the end of her shawl securely to the rich, heavy soil with the trowel.

"It's ruined! ruined!" she exclaimed, almost tearfully. "It's one that your father brought home the first voyage he made after my mar[illegible]riage; I wouldn't have had it happen to my brother's gift for the world."

The allusion to her father touched Theo, and saved Mrs. Vaughan receiving from her observant niece the information that she had stuck the trowel into the ground with heart and heat and force to the words, "I have no patience with you," in reference to Theo's far slighter accident.

"I won't do any more gardening this morning; change your dress, Theo, and we will go into the village. I won't have you dress yourself finely, though; I *will not* have you deck yourself out just to walk through a little country village where the people will not think one bit the better of you for being dressed like a peacock."

"It would never have entered into my head to change my dress just to go in the village, Aunt Libby, if you hadn't told me to do it; even now—see I'm nearly dry—I don't see the necessity for it."

"Do break yourself of that habit of setting your own judgment in opposition to the judgment of your elders at every turn, Theo; and pray be careful how you utter disparaging remarks about the places people live in. I do see the necessity for your making a nice appearance in the village, however much you may despise it; not that I mind it. I attributed it to your ignorance of the world. But be careful before other people."

Theo stifled a laugh.

"I'll promise to be very careful, especially before the Misses Burgoyne," she said, demurely. "But I assure you, I am so far from being silly enough to despise it, that I feel quite anxious to get a friend of mine down here to enjoy this pretty place with me."

"To see Sydney with Aunt Libby will be rare fun, and I shall enjoy it," she added to herself as Mrs. Vaughan, now recovered from the torn shawl, gave a gracious assent to the proposition she herself had first made.

It was a pretty village, a very pretty village, with a brawling stream running through the centre of it, and white, rose-covered cottages climbing up the hills on either side. An unpretentious village too, that made no attempt to elevate itself into the dignity of a town, but that was content to be a simple village still, with a walking post and a shop that contained an olla podrida of eggs and bacon, calico, tallow-candles, hair-pins, peppermint lozenges in very dusky bottles, and all the other articles that are ordinarily found in aught but sweet profusion in a country store.

Mr. Burch represented the professional element in Hensley, and on Mrs. Burch the first call was made by the vicar's wife and Miss Leigh. From her they heard the story of "Young Burgoyne's accident." Mrs. Burch always called him "Young Burgoyne," when neither he nor any of his immediate friends were by, in order to impress her hearers with a notion that she was on terms of careless intimacy at Maddington. Under the influence of the presence of his immediate friends, she fell into the equal error of speaking of Lord Lesborough's heir as the "Honorable Burgoyne."

Mrs. Vaughan looked annoyed in a bright-eyed way when they came out of Mrs. Burch's house and wended their steps towards one of the white rose-covered cottages. This accident would keep Mr. Burgoyne in the house for some time, and the impression that she flattered herself her niece had already made might wear off before he saw her again. She began to have her doubts also as to whether she had been wise in her generation in authorizing Theo to invite another young girl down to Hensley. What if this young girl were prettier than Theo? She was not wont to brook uncertainty, therefore she asked:

"Is your friend, Miss Scott, better-looking than you are, my dear?"

"I don't think she is," Theo answered frankly. It was one of those things about which Theo could not get up confusion and mock-modesty. Very candidly would she have confessed her own inferiority of appearance had the inferiority been patent to her. But it was not patent to her in this case, therefore she replied with such an air of thorough and frank conviction that it carried conviction, and consequently comfort, to the heart of her aunt.

The white rose-covered cottages that climbed up the hills which rose in gentle swell on either side of the sparkling, brawling stream known as "Hensley Water," were nearly all of them occupied by maiden and widow ladies in a state of decay. Not bodily or mental decay by any means, but commercial decay that rendered them meek and quiet in spirit, and remarkably amenable to the chronic advances of the vicar's wife.

A species of lull came over Theo as she followed her aunt into one of the prettiest of these houses, to which they were admitted by a small domestic of tender years and irreproachable neatness. Deborah was her name, and subdued was Deborah beyond her years, and thoughtful beyond conception—when in the house. What Deborah was when she had her outings and joined the youth of both sexes in a brief tour of festivity to some neighboring town, may not be told here. But a rumor of the transformation that came over her at such seasons had reached Mrs. Vaughan, and Mrs. Vaughan had now come fraught with the design of shocking the souls of Deborah's too confiding mistresses with a repetition of this rumor.

These mistresses were the two daughters of a gentleman long deceased, who had written a classical dictionary, and immortalised his name in the annals of learnedom. His two daughters had retained that name, and were not likely to change it now, for one was seventy and the other sixty-five. But whether they had retained it of their own free will, or because of no man having been forthcoming sufficiently daring to propose an alteration in it, this deponent saith not.

Miss Dampier and Miss Margaret Dampier—never in her earliest youth had any one been rash enough to call her Madge or Maggie, or abbreviate her name in any way—were busily employed at their usual morning avocation, namely, discussing the village politics and knitting little socks and parti-colored shawls to be disposed of at bazaars. The windows were closed, and the crevices hermetically sealed, for they belonged to that unwholesome class who "dread a draught," and apparently feed and flourish on the foul air in which they delight.

"This is my niece. Theo, my dear, pick up Miss Dampier's ball of wool," Mrs. Vaughan said, introducing Theo to her friends.

"Ah, very like you; very like you, indeed, isn't she, sister?" Miss Margaret Dampier replied, with the palpably assumed air of benignant blandness that old ladies frequently adopt towards contumacious cats and refractory small relatives who are brought to see them. "Deborah said, as you came up the hill, that it must be Mrs. Vaughan's niece by the likeness; she has just brought me my twelve-o'clock arrowroot—never forgets it, never—the comfort she is I can't tell you; and we never can be grateful enough to Miss Ethel Burgoyne for recommending her from the school."

"If I had been consulted, Deborah wouldn't have been the girl I should have recommended for such a place as yours," Mrs. Vaughan replied, bridling up in a moment. Then Theo sank into obscurity while Mrs. Vaughan made known, and the two Miss Dampiers groaned over, Deborah's supposed enormities. So passed two weary hours. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

OFFICE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY,
PHILADELPHIA, February 18, 1865.

To the Stockholders of the
Pennsylvania Railroad Company:

The following condensed statements will exhibit the Earnings and Expenses connected with the operation of the Company's works during 1864.

Pennsylvania Railroad and Branches.

EARNINGS.

From Passengers, First class,	$2,220,990 77	
" " Emigrants,	91,904 37	$3,334,895 14
" United States Troops,	-	511,773 88
" " " Mails,	-	70,830 16
" Expresses—under contract,	75,900 00	
" Extra Express Freight	269,511 12	
		345,411 12
" General Freight,	-	10,301,099 32
" Miscellaneous Sources,	-	198,148 04
Total Earnings,		$14,759,057 66

EXPENSES.

The cost of operating the line in 1864, was

Conducting Transportation.

For ordinary expenditures,	$2,634,916 58	
" Erection of passenger and freight Stations and extension of existing buildings,	466,614 79	
		$3,031,531 37

MOTIVE POWER.

For ordinary repairs and renewals including 19 new engines, costing $231,845 83, charged to this account to meet depreciation, &c., also erection of machine shops at West Philadelphia,	$2,536,066 78	
For additional tools and shop machinery, chiefly outfit of Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,	106,699 56	
For additional locomotives purchased for Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, &c.,	613,891 97	
		$3,256,058 39

MAINTENANCE OF CARS.

For ordinary repairs and renewals, including erection of car shops at West Philadelphia,	$853,929 12	
For additional freight cars,	925,793 07	
For additional passenger cars,	222,271 85	
		$2,004,993 04

MAINTENANCE OF ROAD.

For ordinary repairs of railway and renewal of structures,	$2,057,547 85	
For additional second track and sidings,	191,220 28	
		$2,248,768 13
GENERAL EXPENSES,		152,509 33
Total expenditures connected with the business of the Pennsylvania Railroad, including additions to the facilities for transportation on its own road and that of the railroads it operates,		$10,693,041 19

RECAPITULATION.

Gross earnings,		$14,759,057 66
Total ordinary expenses,	$8,285,559 67	
Total extraordinary expenses,	2,409,384 52	
		10,693,944 19
Leaving balance,		$4,065,113 47

The gross revenues of the line for 1864 are equal to $41,096 per mile of main line of roads (258 miles), and exceed in the aggregate those of 1863 $3,967,644 71.

This increase is $1,050,350 26 upon passengers and emigrants; $1231 96 upon United States mails; $1,758,737 35 upon ordinary, and $92,282 30 on express freights.

A decrease occurs in miscellaneous receipts of $32,045 16, and in United States troops of $2919 30.

The whole number of passengers carried over the road during the year was 2,366,213, and the average distance traveled by each passenger sixty-two miles.

The number of tons of freight moved (including 179,497 tons of fuel and other materials transported for the Company) was 3,706,876, embracing 1,086,779 tons of coal.

The increase in the coal traffic is 183,580 tons, and the whole tonnage of the road exceeds that of last year 310,550 tons.

The ordinary expenditures for working and maintaining the Company's roads were $8,285,559 67, which is equal to 55 7-10 per cent. of its revenues, or 72 4-10 per cent., including all the expenditures made for work done on its own line and the outfit of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.

The earnings of the Company's Canals were:

From Susquehanna Division,	$253,797 57	
" Juniata "	29,538 76	
" Western "	12,174 72	
" Miscellaneous sources,	13,129 19	
Total earnings,		$308,615 22

against $287,156 58 in 1863.

The cost of maintaining, enlarging and operating the Canals was:

For Susquehanna Division,	$153,798 93	
" Juniata "	126,660 02	
" Western "	30,200 57	
		$310,656 22
Showing a loss on the Canals during 1864 of		$1,940 00

The loss upon the Canals during the previous year was $75,217 80.

In consequence of the original faulty location and construction, and the neglect of these works by their original proprietor, they have not yielded results equal to our anticipation. It is believed, however, that they will become eventually a source of considerable net profit. The Company has expended upon their maintenance and improvement, since they came into their possession (seven years and five months), $1,606,365 22, and received $1,701,811 34 in tolls for their use.

The low charges necessarily maintained for coal upon the railway of the Company has prevented the transfer of that commodity—the only one of importance available for its support to any material extent—to its canal except when shipped to points not reached by the road or its connections.

The earnings of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad in 1864 were:

From Passengers,	$479,692 44
" Troops,	31,389 18
" Freights,	545,437 46
" Express Matter,	16,545 16
" Mails,	14,390 62
" Miscellaneous Sources,	44,163 76
Total earnings,	$1,131,147 98

The operating expenses during the same time were:

For Conducting Transportation,	$217,943 96	
For Motive Power,	234,698 78	
For Maintenance of Way,	354,163 21	
For Maintenance of Cars,	32,485 81	
For thirty per cent. due on lease to meet interest on Bonds, Taxes, &c., &c.,	335,707 96	
		1,174,302 78
Showing a loss in operating the line of		$43,154 80

The line was not opened for business until the 17th of October last, the beginning of the inclement season of the mountainous region it traverses and then with an incomplete track, insufficient sidings and shops to meet the wants of the transportation department; hence its operations have been conducted at much extra cost, and have necessarily been confined to the accommodation of its local traffic. The results of the year's business is therefore no evidence of what may be expected hereafter from this great work. The whole line is still incomplete, and very little of its superstructure is founded upon ballast, so essential to the maintenance of the track in good condition under a heavy transportation.

The whole revenue of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for its several line is as follows:

From the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches,	$14,759,057 66
From the Pennsylvania Canal,	305,615 23
" " Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,	1,131,147 98
Total,	$16,195,820 87

Of the net profits of the Company for the year there has been applied to the payment of two semi-annual dividends of five per cent., $1,523,037 00

And dividends to Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad Company, 1,113,024 00

Interest on its Debt, Taxes upon dividends and coupons, &c., 323,509 90

The semi-annual dividends, in order to afford time to make up the dividend books, will be paid hereafter on the 30th days of May and November, instead of the 15th, as heretofore.

The surplus net profits of the Company mentioned in our last annual report as applicable to the railways, commenced under an expectation of receiving its financial aid, and considered necessary to the full development of the traffic of this Company, has equaled anticipations, but the cost of these works, for reasons that are familiar to all, has largely exceeded the estimate then made. From an analysis of these expenditures it appears that it now requires about three dollars to perform the office of one dollar in 1861. The rate of wages has not increased in this ratio, but it seems to be a general principle that as the remuneration of labor is increased, its character and product decreases. This state of things could be met by increased charges upon transportation during their continuance as compensation for the depreciation of the currency, if the legal rates were not limited; but, under existing circumstances, the stoppage of all improvements that have not progressed to an extent that true economy will justify their early completion, is the only remedy left. At the present prices for work, the prospective profits for the construction of new railways must be large to induce capital to enter into their construction.

The cash capital required to carry on the operations of the Company, invested in materials for repairs of its road and machinery, and balances in the hands of Agents and Treasurer, amounted at the close of the year to the large sum of $2,878,847 57—$1,072,638 99 more than at the same time the previous year, which is chiefly due to the enhanced cost of everything entering into the construction of railways and their equipment.

The estimates of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company for the expenditures on construction account in 1861, for reasons already mentioned, have fallen much below the cost of the work undertaken, while the political condition of the country has prevented the sale of the Sterling Bonds received from that Company for these outlays upon satisfactory terms. All of the dollar Bonds purchased under the contract and lease of that road have been sold. Of the £600,000 Sterling Bonds purchased, £248,800 have been placed in the Sinking Fund in exchange for Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway Company Bonds, since sold, and £40,200 have been disposed of, leaving on hand and in London £311,000. These Bonds have the guarantee of this Company, and in view of the unusually large basis upon which they are founded, constitute as safe an investment of capital as can be made.

The expenditures required upon the Philadelphia and Erie line to place it in a condition to accommodate a business sufficient to meet the expectations of the Company are still very large. The advances for this work during the year, exclusive of rolling stock and shop machinery, have been:

For Construction Account,	$1,866,800 29
For Materials on hand for Construction and Repairs,	408,764 09
	$2,275,564 38

which is in excess of the securities purchased by this Company under its contract with the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, $889,598 69, exclusive of material account, ($408,764 09,) a portion of which will be applied to working the road.

To cover these expenditures, which are increasing monthly, and complete its line, that Company is asking of the Legislature the privilege of increasing its mortgage indebtedness $3,000,000, all of which will be necessary for the completion of the requisite additional sidings, shops, wharves, passenger and freight stations to meet the demands of its anticipated traffic.

Of the securities received from the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company, under its reorganization, for aid extended to that Company, and for advances made towards the completion of the line east of Steubenville, there remains in the hands of the Treasurer for sale $1,305,000. These Bonds are all first class securities, and will be disposed of, as the market will absorb them, to meet expenditures in 1865.

The investments made by this Company in Stock and Bonds of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway Company to insure its completion, have all been sold, except 1900 shares of its Stock and $200,000 of its Third Mortgage Bonds, at a considerable advance upon their cost. The interest of the Company in the Bedford Railroad and in the New Castle (Lawrence county) Railroad, received for aid extended towards the completion of these works, has also been disposed of upon satisfactory terms.

A shorter and an independent connection between the western terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the metropolis of Ohio and its capital, has always been deemed to be of the highest importance to this Company. The several attempts to secure such a line have heretofore failed; on one route from a misdirection of the means provided for the object, and on the other from absence of legislation across the tongue of land accidentally thrown into a State interested in promoting the success of rival roads. These political impediments have finally yielded to the independence of Western Virginia, but too late to avail ourselves of the favorable condition of the labor market at the commencement of the existing war to enable the work to be pressed with vigor. Its construction has progressed steadily since the contracts have been recommenced, but at a largely increased cost upon the estimates heretofore submitted. The line will not be ready for use before the ensuing summer.

The delay in the progress of the work has also thrown its completion into a period when the negotiation of the securities applicable to it has become difficult, and the task of supplying the funds required to prevent the work from stopping has necessarily fallen upon this Company, in addition to the heavy expenditures it had previously voluntarily assumed to secure so important a connection by extending its own road to the south side of the Monongahela river.

The financial condition of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company, which was originally involved in embarrassment by a failure to complete the line between Pittsburg and Steubenville, has been successfully reorganized and its line extended from Newark to Columbus, (thirty-three miles,) by the purchase upon reasonable terms of a one-half undivided interest in the Central Ohio Railroad and its property at and between those places, thus making the line complete between Steubenville and Columbus, and when the line across the State of West Virginia is opened it will form a continuous railway, operated under one control, from the latter city to Pittsburg—a distance of one hundred and ninety-six miles.

Of the securities received from the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company for assistance heretofore extended to that Company, and to effect its reorganization, there remains in the hands of the Treasurer for sale, $1,305,000 First Mortgage Bonds, of which $775,000 bear seven per cent interest per annum. The Western Pennsylvania and the other commutation roads, except the Pittsburg and Steubenville, have been brought into productive use, and it is believed that they will all eventually pay interest upon the amounts contributed to their construction, which from reasons given in our last report has exceeded more than two-fold the requirements of the law.

The construction of the Connecting Railway, chartered to join the Pennsylvania Railway in West Philadelphia with the Philadelphia and Trenton road at Frankford—a distance of seven miles—has been commenced, and will be pushed to completion as rapidly as circumstances will permit. The right of way—one of the chief elements of its cost—has been mostly secured. This connection will bring the line from New York to Harrisburg and the West via Philadelphia within 12 miles of the same distance as via Allentown, and will doubtless return to this end of our road much of the travel which the delays and obstructions in passing through this city have driven to other channels.

It is impossible in the present condition of the currency and labor market to estimate with any precision what the demands upon the Treasury may be for completing the lines already in progress under our auspices. The cost in currency has already exceeded the estimates upon which they were undertaken.

For the Philadelphia and Erie Road there will be required during this year, to place it in a condition to earn an interest upon its debt, not less than $1,250,000, in addition to $389,598 69 standing upon our books against that Company on the first of January last, after exhausting its First Mortgage Bonds.

For the line between Pittsburgh and Steubenville the sum of $500,000, and to extend the Pennsylvania Rail Road to the Delaware river to meet the demands of the oil trade, which will probably be excluded by law from the present Delaware terminus, the further sum of $250,000, to which must be added for additional outfit for the Philadelphia and Erie and our own road $1,200,000, making in all $3,500,000 which may be met, with but a small addition to our surplus earnings, if the result of the year's business should equal that of the past.

Notwithstanding our unremitting efforts to secure the best rails that are made, each succeeding year adds its testimony to those preceding it of the want of a better material than that now used. In addition to their rapid destruction from ordinary wear, is added the risk to the trains from their frequent breakage. To obviate this our new rails have been increased in depth to an extent (1¼ inches) that will give them thirty per cent. additional vertical strength, which it is believed will, with increased care in the selection of ores and the manufacture of the rails, prevent further damage from this source. The steel rails introduced upon the road show no evidence of wear, but their great cost at present precludes their general introduction. The manufacture of rails with a steeled wearing surface, referred to in our last annual report, has not proved successful upon a scale that would render it of practical value.

The management of your railways for the last two years has been attended with unprecedented difficulties. A continually increasing business has had to be met by a decreasing supply of experienced men, to which, during the past year, there has been added an indiscriminate drain upon our forces to fill the armies and man the military railways of the Government. For a time it was impossible to procure for our trains even raw recruits in sufficient numbers.

The superintendence of long lines of railways having a large mixed business, involving as it does the safety of the traveler, is, in ordinary times, a trust of great delicacy and responsibility; but when, added to the usual risks, there is the necessity of introducing into important posts untried men, and the frequent changes that this involves to secure those that are responsible, the strain upon the endurance of the officers and faithful employes of the Company becomes as harrassing and unpleasant as it is destructive to the machinery of the road.

To the difficulties mentioned we have had also to encounter accidents arising from the inferior workmanship and materials that the great demand for locomotives and cars has introduced, which there is no practical means of obviating, when all that could be produced has heretofore been insufficient to meet the demands of the Government and the Railway Companies.

The Board, with a view to prevent the increased capital of the Company from representing property acquired at the present inflated values, have charged the large additions made during 1863, 1863 and 1864 to the equipment of the road, to the length of double track, to the warehouses, passenger stations, shops and engine houses, since the suspension of specie payments, to the running expenses of the road. These have amounted in the aggregate to $5,337,866 65—a sum which, it is believed, will more than preserve the property of the Company represented upon its books at its specie value.

For information in greater detail in relation to the operations of the Company's works the shareholders are referred to the reports of Enoch Lewis, General Superintendent; W. H. Wilson, Chief Engineer; John P. Laird, Superintendent of Motive Power and Machinery on the Pennsylvania Railroad; Thomas T. Wierman, Chief Engineer of the Canals, and Joseph D. Potts, General Manager of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and John A. Wilson, its Chief Engineer. These officers and their assistants, notwithstanding the unusual difficulties attending the operations of their respective departments during the year, have fulfilled the duties confided to them in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Board of Directors.

By order of the Board.

J. EDGAR THOMSON,
President.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

DR.

To Capital Stock, as authorized by resolution of Board,	$20,000,000 00	
Less amount unissued,	130,940 00	$19,869,060 00
To Bond Account, viz: First Mortgage 6 per cent. Dollar Bonds, payable in 1880,	$4,980,000 00	
Second Mortgage 6 per cent. Dollar Bonds, payable in 1875,	2,021,000 00	
Second Mortgage 6 per cent. Sterling Bonds, payable in 1875,	8,293,840 00	
Bonds due the State of Pennsylvania, bearing 5 per cent. interest,	5,800,000 00	$16,694,840 00
To amount of Mortgages and Ground Rents on Real Estate,		144,984 39
Total Shareholders' Capital and Funded Debt of Company,		$36,698,184 39
To accounts payable, including Pay Rolls for Dec., 1864,	$1,206,928 91	
To Bills payable,	466,356 71	
To Dividend due to Stockholders unpaid,	28,200 00	$2,202,460 62
To Contingent Fund,		1,000,000 00
To Balance,		3,429,691 39
		$43,520,336 73

CR.

By Cost of Road, including Engineering, Land Damages, Fencing, Machine Shops, Engine Houses, Station and Warehouses, Car Sheds, Water Stations, Foremen and Tool Houses, and Shop Machinery from Harrisburg to Pittsburg, and Station and Warehouses on the Philadelphia Division,	$17,361,330 78	
Less profits of Road, after paying interest to Stockholders up to Nov. 1st, 1855, credited to cost of Construction, as required by charter,	268,195 79	$16,793,130 99
By amount paid State of Pennsylvania for Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad,	$6,500,000 00	
By amount paid State of Pennsylvania for Canals and Portage Railroad,	1,000,000 00	
The above division being made upon their presumed relative value,	7,500,000 00	
Less payment made of debt to State for purchase of Main Line and charged to profit and loss,	700,000 00	$6,800,000 00
By equipment of Road, consisting of Locomotives, Freight, Road and Passenger Cars,		2,286,315 18
By cost of Real Estate of Company,		3,769 76
By cost of Telegraph Line,		45,254 25
By extension of Pennsylvania Railroad to Steubenville and Pittsburg Railroad,		666,949 33
By extension of Pennsylvania Railroad to Delaware River, and Gas Works, including Wharves and Grain Elevator,		987,200 14
Total cost of Company's Roads, Canals and their appendages,		$31,094,991 99
By amount of First Mortgage Bonds of the Pittsburgh and Steubenville Railroad Company,		283,000 00
By 1555 Sterling Bonds, of £200 Sterling each, of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, remaining on hand, exclusive of 1214 Bonds in Sinking Fund, purchased under the stipulations of the lease of that road,		1,334,001 11
By 2239 Shares of Stock of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company,		130,600 00
By 530 Bonds of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company, 6 per cent.,		482,031 22
By 775 Bonds of the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad Company, 7 per cent.,		775,000 00
By amount of other Bonds and Stocks of Municipal and Railroad Corporations,		2,881,803 89
By amount of Bills and Accounts Receivable,		1,850,976 55
By amount due from other Roads,		197,054 92
By amount to debit of Sinking Fund,		1,615,754 79
By amount of Fuel and Materials on hand for Shops, repairs to Locomotives and Cars, and Maintenance of Way,		1,277,280 92
By amount advanced to purchase Materials and Fuel to construct and operate the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad,		468,764 09
By balance in hands of Agents,		782,975 98
By balance in hands of Treasurer, December 31, 1864,		370,698 99
		$43,520,336 33

THOS. T. FIRTH, Treasurer.

Philadelphia, December 31, 1864.

Vegetable Flannel.

Among the numerous manufactures derived in Germany from Scotch fir, one of the most remarkable is asserted to be a kind of stuff called vegetable flannel, and recommended by physicians in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia. This stuff, which is used to effect a permanent contact between the body, or a part of it, and the most active elements of the leaves, produces similar effects to those obtained from the baths made with the same. Vegetable flannel is said to revive the functions of the skin, so often disturbed by various causes, and constantly maintains those functions in their normal state, due to the double action exercised simultaneously on our body. By its formic acid it attracts the humors to the skin by a mild and continuous excitement; by its tannin and resinous principles it imparts to the skin for absorption the elements necessary for the neutralization of certain emanations. Thus, vegetable flannel prevents or cures the effects occasioned by those elements, which, in a state of disease, are expelled in too large a proportion, especially phosphorus, the evacuation of which it regulates by slow degrees. The German journals contain details concerning the manufacture of this textile fabric, operations requisite for converting the leaves of the Scotch fir into waldwolle, (forest wool,) spinning and weaving the raw material, &c., in the large establishment of M. Leopold Lairitz, the inventor of the process, who now gives employment to hundreds of workmen. Common flannel made of wool does good service by keeping the warmth of the body in, or excluding that of the ambient air, as well as by the irritation it causes on the skin, whereby that organ is excited to greater activity in the exercise of its functions. But wool, from the concentration of caloric it produces, is apt to cause cerebral congestion in plethoric subjects, and some persons cannot bear its irritating friction on the skin. Vegetable flannel is said to be free from those defects; it protects from damp and cold quite as well as wool; and the irritation it causes on the skin is easily borne by the most sensitive and delicate individuals.—*Galignani.*

☞ When the rebel Senator Foote was at Winchester under guard, he spoke very freely concerning matters in the confederacy. He said there were several members of Congress, and a large majority of the Southern people, who thought Jeff. Davis a despot; and that in his (Foote's) opinion no one at the South, even including Davis himself, expected to succeed in establishing a rebel confederacy, but at the last moment the rebel leaders would be missing and subsequently turn up in some other part of the world.

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Journal estimates Gen. Sherman's army at 87,000 infantry and 16,000 cavalry. About 10,000 of these are colored troops, remaining in the vicinity of Port Royal, but his moving columns number over 90,000 men.

☞ An eruption of Mount Etna took place during the night of January 31, after several earthquake shocks. At the latest dates from Messina the lava was flowing rapidly, and several villages were in danger.

☞ Gen. Grant reports that since the beginning of the campaign last May, 17,000 deserters have come into our lines from Lee's army alone.

☞ A young lady, an orphan, living and teaching school in Huntingdon county, a year ago, received a letter from Virginia, that her brother, who was a soldier in the Union army, had been killed in battle. She hastened to the South, secured his remains, had them brought home and buried. Ever since, alone in the world and in sadness, she has mourned her dead kinsman. A week ago she received a letter from Andersonville, from her brother, who is alive and a prisoner. Such is the romance and the reality of war.

☞ The story started in England and copied in this country, that two noblemen had a quarrel which resulted in the death of one of them by the fratricidal hand of the other, is now said to be untrue. The London Morning Post, contradicting the report, states that "the two brothers pointed at are as far separated as London and Naples."

☞ In a private letter received from Dr. Boyd, the "Country Parson," whose books are so widely read in England and America, he says: "I rejoice in your military success; I am heartily with you, and I lose no opportunity of saying so." From the first breaking out of the war, the "Country Parson" has always been outspoken in his sympathy with the North.

☞ Bombay is in a state of much excitement over the great success of East India cotton cultivation. Men who a short time ago were possessed of only moderate means, have suddenly become millionaires, and the manner in which it is said fortunes are being piled up more than rivals the wonders of our oil regions.

☞ That was an excellent reply of Tonsor's, when he had cut a customer on the chin. Tonsor smelt of whiskey, and the customer indignantly said, "That horrid drink!" "Yes, sir," said Tonsor, "it does make some faces dreadful tender."

Spiritualizing.

A late writer in speaking of a Sabbath dinner in the house of a pious publican in England, gives the following instance of the unwise propensity for *extempore* spiritualizing:—

"The party having sat down to table, the host desired that the hashed chickens might remind them of Him who would have gathered Jerusalem as a hen gathereth her chickens, but she would not;—that the mutton might recall King David, who was once a shepherd;—that the veal might put them in mind of the parable of the prodigal son, for whose return the father killed the fatted calf; that the capon might render them mindful of the cock that crowed three times in the hearing of Peter;—that the knuckle of bacon might lead them to think of that herd of swine into which the devils entered and hurried them headlong into the sea,—and that the fish might remind them of the whale which swallowed the prophet Jonah, as well as that which had been lately cast ashore at Greenwich, for a prodigy and a portent to the people. From the remains of a lobster were elicited various fanciful allusions to the red-hatted cardinals, the horns of the scarlet beast of Rome, and the baptistical capes and surplices of which the shell was the emblem, and thus having exhausted his own oratory, as well as the patience of the guests, the final blessing was pronounced, and the party had permission to fall upon the 'creature comforts' set before them"

☞ Be Careful of Your Health.—"A man had better break a bone, or even lose a limb, than shake his nervous system. Lord Coke requires only eight hours' application per day for a student of the law, and Sir Matthew Hale thought six as much as he could bear; eight, he said, was too much."

☞ Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

To Arms! to Arms!—The citizen soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brackish, muddy water and damp night air, than in the most determined enemy. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Cox's Tonic Elixir is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, Samuel C. Hart, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Gentlemen's Hats.—New styles just received at Charles Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

The Beautiful Art of Enamelling the Skin.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

Great Hair Restored to its Original Youthful Color.

Baldness Prevented.

"London"		"Hair Color Restorer."
"London"	NO DYE	"Hair Color Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color Restorer."

The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply. Price 75 cents per bottle, or $6 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-cow

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is little demand for Flour. Some 8,000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, part for shipment, at $9@9.75 for common and good superfine; $10@10.75 for extras; $11@11.75 for extra family, and $12@12.50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are nearly nominal at previous quotations.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering. Sales 18,000 bushels at $2.30@2.60 for common and choice reds, chiefly at $2.35 for amber, in store, and $2.60@2.80 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1.70@1.72. Corn—20,000 bushels found buyers at $1.61@1.65. Oats—25,000 bush were disposed of at 83@84c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product is unsettled and dull. Barrelled Meats at $23@39 for Mess Pork, and $22@24 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra Western. Dressed Hogs are quoted at 9½@10½ for 100 lbs. Green Meats sell at 20@21c for pickled Hams, and 18@19c for salt and pickled Shoulders. Lard—Sales of 1cs at 22@23c, the latter for prime, and kegs at 25@27c. Butter—Sales at 35@40c for roll and 35@36c for packed, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is steady at 18@23c for common to prime. Eggs are quoted at 32@33c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market is unsettled. Only a few small lots have been disposed of at equal to 82@83c for middling quality.

BARK—Quercitron is offered at $40 for 1st No. 1. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Yellow is held at 66@68c.

COAL—There is a good demand both for shipment and home use. Prices range at $5.50@7 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE is quiet, and the sales limited to a few small lots, at 37@41c for Rio, and 42½@43c for Laguayra.

COPPER—Sales Yellow Metal at 56c for sheets and bolts.

FEATHERS are selling at 77@80c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—There is very little doing. Sales of Dried Apples at 12@14c; unpared Peaches at 25@28c, and pared do at 36@40c ₩ lb. Green Apples and Cranberries continue scarce and high.

HAY—Sales at $30@32 ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS—Sales at 45@55c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a fair inquiry for Pig Metal—about 1200 tons Anthracite have been disposed of in lots at $40@45 for Forge, and $50@52 for Foundry.

MOLASSES—Sales Sugar-house at 56c and Syrup at 70c.

OILS—Petroleum continues dull and neglected. We quote nominally at 47@48c for Crude, 67@68c for refined in bond and 88@90c free.

PLASTER—We quote Soft at $5@5.50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clovereed; sales of 2000 bus at $14.50@15.50 ₩ bus. Timothy is selling at $5.50@6. Flaxseed has declined to $3.60@3.65 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quiet at $1.40@2.50. Whiskey is selling at $2.29@2.33 for Pennsylvania and Western, and Drudge at $2.27@2.30.

SUGARS are dull. Sales of 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of at 18@21c.

TALLOW is quoted at 15@15½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is very quiet; sales of about 100,000 lbs, mostly Western fleece, are reported at 20@65c for mixed lots, and 98@100c for Saxon, including fub at 110@115c, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from $13 to 15.00 ₩ 100 lbs 1200 Hogs at from $19.00 to 21.00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 11 to 14 cts ₩ lb. 80 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₩ head.

Furs at Cost.—Closing out the balance of our Furs. Charles Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 160 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $20. feb25-10t

Army Itch Very Prevalent. Sure Cure.

"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
"*Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"

Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

Furs at Cost.—Closing out the balance of our Furs. Charles Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
Closing out balance of our stock at Cost.
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
feb11-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At St. John's Church, Camden, N. J., on the 19th of Feb., by the Rev. T. Maxwell Riley, Charles E. Pearce, of Portsmouth, R. I., to Miss Missouri S., only daughter of W. S. Frazier, Esq., of Camden, N. J.

On the 21st of Feb., by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, D. H. Bartine, M. D., Surgeon 3d Artillery Pa. Vols., to Clementine, daughter of John Hann, Esq., both of this city.

On the 15th of Feb., by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Harry J. Hudson, 1st Lieut. Co D, 141st regt P. V. to Miss Malinda Slaugh, daughter of John Slaugh, Jr., both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 29th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. Cooper S. Kenell, of Co. C, 99th regt. Pa. Vols., to Miss Anna M. Roberts, of this city.

On the 15th of Feb., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. George W. Bumm, eldest son of Wm. Bumm, Esq., of the City Council, to Miss M. Louisa Wester, daughter of the late A. J. Wester, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of Feb., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Matthias Loudenback to Miss Mary Ann Thornburg, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Feb., George Bastian, in his 80th year.

On the 21st of Feb., John Sergeant Meade, eldest son of Major-Gen. Meade, U. S. Army.

On the 21st of Feb., Isaac Parrish, son of Sarah R. and the late Dr. Isaac Parrish, in his 19th year.

On the 20th of Feb., David Mermann, in his 29th year.

On the 19th of Feb., Joseph C. Randall, in his 65th year.

On the 19th of Feb., Matilda, wife of Louis E. Waterman, in her 27th year.

On the 14th of Feb., Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the late John Mansfield, in her 57th year.

On the 13th of Feb., Jacob Garman, in his 55th year.

On the 13th of Feb., Mary Ann, wife of John Armstrong, in her 42d year.

On the 17th of Feb., William Chamberlain, in his 45th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar12-1y

A NEW NOVEL BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS;

A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

In THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE of March 3 will be commenced "The Hillyars and the Burtons; a Story of Two Families," the last novel of Henry Kingsley, now in course of publication in *MacMillan's Magazine* (London). The scene is laid partly in England and partly in Australia, and the story deals with a family of the aristocracy and a family of the people, whose fortunes are strangely interwoven and dependent upon each other. Those who wish to secure the reading of this capital novel, the best of the day, should subscribe at once for THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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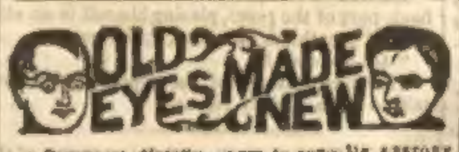

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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is Bella Z. Spencer, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.
jan14-tf

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CUT THIS OUT.

SOMETHING NEW.—Ladies and gentlemen wanted to learn the "Art" of "SECRET CORRESPONDENCE." A new method has recently been devised (and copyrighted) whereby the same letter may be written in many different ways as there are words in the English language, and still read the same. Those wishing to act as agents, and teach the "Art" can make from $25 to $30 per week. Charts, with full instructions, sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address WILSON & CO.,
feb25-2t P. O., Box 2821, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE

An invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $1 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb 8-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

The Golden Gate.

We all know how some particular recollection at times takes possession of us. Even during the busy day it will creep through the crevices of occupied time, and make itself a place in our mind.

Has your friend never said to you, "I don't know what possesses me, but I have been thinking a great deal of Mrs. Jones to-day, and I have scarcely thought of her for years!"

A glance at the blue river meandering through the landscape, as you sit at your open window, of which for weeks and weeks you have taken no particular notice, suddenly becomes invested with the remembrance of some scene of long ago; memory awakes from her slumber, and you live the past over again under her influence.

This has been the case with me. There was a soft light in the sky, a peculiar purple streak on the river, which carried back my recollection over a short journey of years to a pleasant valley in France; and so I sat at the window thinking, till I brought the whole scene of my earlier life before me.

I must say that visit to France was a great era in my life-history. From that time I seem to have been walking on a higher and broader road; life has not seemed to me so purposeless, so dull and prosy. But I must tell you about it.

Laura was my half-sister, some few years younger than myself. At first it was quite a triumph to me that I was the eldest. I used to call her silly little thing whenever her views of amusement did not exactly accord with mine; and this state of things lasted till my step-mother interfered, and required that I should act with more consideration towards her child.

It was a great grievance to me that I had a step-mother; I used to weary Laura with my grumblings on this subject. I am persuaded that, considering what that relationship sometimes is, I was well off; yet I have a recollection that I tried not to think so; it was in my nature to grumble. I was continually getting into scrapes and unhappiness; but it was more through my domineering and impatient temper, than through any fault of my step-mother. To a certain extent she was hasty and petulant; but Laura came in for her scoldings too. She would droop under anything like harshness for a little while, and then rise up out of the waters looking all the brighter for the plunge beneath them.

However, we were both equally delighted when it was arranged that mamma was to take us for a tour on the Continent during the bright and pleasant month of July. I forgot all about the "step," and if there were any difference in my mother's manner towards her children, it consisted in her treating me with more womanly attention than her own younger child, for Laura was only thirteen, and four years my junior.

So I sat at my window looking out on the broad landscape, and the little French village seemed to spread out before me.

Our tour was through the provinces, and when we came to any part of the country that my step-mother particularly admired, we would remain there for a day or two while she sketched.

The village which memory has brought out of the mist of years, stood with its spires at a far-off turn of the river. Immediately before us was a fine group of chestnut trees, among which stood a noble oak. Almost at our feet a tiny brook of clear blue water ran along, making its way to the broader stream. It never loitered. If sunshine sparkled on it, it seemed to ripple out its answer in a smile; if clouds sighed over it, no matter, it never tarried on its way; and a young woman who was busy with her washing-tub at its side, told me it was on this account—this perpetually moving on to something greater and better—that its waters were so pure and clear. "Were it stagnant," she said, "we should scarcely be able to remain in the neighborhood."

Had there been anything uncouth in the appearance of this young woman, it would have destroyed the charm of the landscape before me.

Her little boy had launched his fairy boat on the mimic sea, and was watching it (excuse me, I am inclined to be romantic) as anxiously as she watched the barque of his young life, so lately launched on the ocean of time.

It was towards evening. The lowing cattle were going slowly home along their accustomed path by the river-side, and the young woman's husband, with the glow of a healthy and simple life on his cheeks, was sitting under the tree, and looking towards his wife with something of anxiety on his countenance. This was all that kept my picture from being perfect; for I thought the expression of contentment that rested on the young *paysanne's* face perfectly charming.

"She has no annoyances, I dare say," I said to myself. "Instead of being shut up in a dull London square from one month to another, with the same piping, shrieking canary in the middle window worrying you out of your life, she can live in God's free world among birds whose songs are soft, and sweet, and varied, where the changing seasons keep off all monotony, and where life must be untroubled as the waters at her feet."

While thus reasoning with myself, I never thought of the superior pleasures open to me from the cultivation of mind that had been my portion. It would not have suited my discontented mind to meditate on anything of this sort.

"How happy you must be!" I exclaimed to the young wife; "your daily labors are carried on in a perfect paradise."

"There is no paradise on earth, mam'selle," she replied, gravely. "Sorrow and care, poverty, hunger, and thirst make their way, I can assure you, into this beautiful world. There are sighs and tears, though the sun shines brightly on the dewy grass, though the flowers give their fragrance to the whispering breezes."

"Then how do you manage to look so peaceful and happy?" I exclaimed.

"I was not happy till I knew my Saviour," she replied; and, as she spoke, a lovely humility enwrapped her like a shadowy but beautiful garment.

"It is not for me," she said, meekly, "to talk to a young lady like you, who knows all these things."

I did not tell her that I never more thoroughly felt my ignorance than while she was speaking.

"You are looking on the fair side of the picture," she continued. "If I were to show you our half-broken down, low dwelling, you would not think it picturesque. Madame there would not care to sketch it."

AN EVIDENT CASE OF CANNIBALISM.
And in the very heart of Civilization.

For my step-mother, seated on her camp-stool, was making a memorandum in pencil of the lovely scene before her.

"Poverty, and rags, and dirt, are there," said the *paysanne*, "and sometimes wailing children"—there was an expression of pain on her face as she said this—"for I have not time to attend to my home duties as I ought."

"But an old gentleman came to these parts some few years back, and he told me wonderful things of the Man of Sorrows, who for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich. I was a young thing then, not married, and he said, 'Lisette, whatever you do, wherever you go, mind and keep in sight of the "Golden Gate."' I did not understand him at first, and then he said, 'Never lose sight of things above; as long as the gleaming of the gates' bright shining rests upon you, the spirit of love and gratitude will not die away within you; and this is a state of mind that invests life with a wonderful contentment.' I do try hard, mam'selle," she said, "to keep within the light of the gate."

By this time the sun was setting, and a flood of glorious amber light poured itself out on the western sky.

"Look there," the young peasant said, turning suddenly round towards the gothic framework of boughs through which the light was pouring. "Look! there is the Golden Gate."

If I could not trace it in the clouds, I could see its light shining on her face. And this was all that passed between us.

The lesson I had learned sunk down into my heart, and I prayed God to let me see the Golden Gate as I journeyed on.

Perhaps, reader, you will think it strange that the whole tenor of my life should be altered through the mere fancy of a golden shining in the clouds; but you must remember it was the thing signified which thus impressed my heart.

From that day I seemed to make a fresh start in life. To those around me there seemed no marvellous metamorphosis, though my step-mother once said that I had come out of the dismal lane, and was walking in the sunny highway.

I have had many difficulties to contend with. Sometimes, when I am within sight of the Golden Gate, a crowd of discontented thoughts push me back for a while, but, through prayer, I regain my place again; and though I have never got quite so near it as the poor woman did who, when day after day her dinner was a crust of bread and a glass of water, used to say: "What, all this, and Jesus Christ too!" yet I am different from what I once was.

Often, when I am weighed down by care, I think of the French peasant and the glorious summer sunset, and I feel that godliness with contentment is indeed great gain, and I pray earnestly that my life may pass within the shining of the "Golden Gate."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Good One.

Somewhere in the outskirts of Hartford there is a Mission School that has the reputation of being rather "noisy," so much so that those appointed to take charge of it generally resign in a few weeks. Last Sunday, the school being destitute of a superintendent, a prominent manufacturer of Norwich, Conn., volunteered for the day. Having called the school to order, and got most of them seated, "Boys," said he, mounting the platform, "let's see if we can't have it still," and he put himself in a quiet posture for the school to imitate. As there was some noise, "Boys," said he, "we can have it stiller, I know"—and walking to the front part of the stage and raising his hand—"Now let's see if we can't hear a pin drop."

All was silence, when a little fellow in the back part of the room, placing himself in an attitude of breathless attention, spoke out:

"*Let her drop!*"

The stern features of the superintendent are said to have slightly relaxed.

"Vital Statistics."—All the statistics of the year 1864 have now, we believe, been set before the public by the newspapers, except the account of the toothpicks consumed in each of the principal hotels and restaurants of the United States, owing to the carelessness of many waiters, (who have very properly been discharged,) the returns are so incomplete that it has been thought better not to publish the tables, which might otherwise have been so important, valuable, and interesting. It has been satisfactorily proved, however, that as the number of false teeth increases from year to year, the consumption of toothpicks decreases.

What Mr. O'Dowd Objects To.

The last number of Blackwood's Magazine contains one of the Cornelius O'Dowd papers, partially relating to man and woman. O'Dowd is opposed to popularizing science. He dislikes to come home and find Mrs. O'Dowd in tears, because she has learned at the Scientific College that the coal-fields cannot last over twelve thousand years, and that the earth's crust is a seventeenth of an inch thinner than it was at the time of Moses. And then he asks—"What right has Sir David Brewster or Professor Faraday to fill my wife's head with speculation about the first man? I am, or at least I ought to be, the first man to her." But even this is not so bad as the dismal information thrust upon him regarding the constituents of which both are composed. "I do not desire to have it impressed so forcibly that I am only a compound of neutral salts, gelatine, fibrine and adipose matter. It's no pleasure to me to regard Mrs. O'Dowd as a vehicle for phosphate of lime, various carbonates, and an appreciable portion of arsenic.

Curiosity.—A person of an observing turn of mind, if he has rode through a country town, has noticed how curious youngsters along the route will fill the windows with their anxious faces in order to get a glimpse of all passers by. A Yankee peddler drove up in front of a house one day, and seeing all hands and the cook staring from the windows, got off from his cart, and the following dialogue took place with the man of the house:—

Jonathan—"Has there been a funeral here lately?"

Man of the House—"No; why?"

Jonathan—"I saw there was one pane of glass that didn't have a head in it."

Man of the House—"You leave blasted quick, or there *will* be a funeral."

Bending to Circumstances.—At a village church, not a hundred miles from the "Lydden Spout," during one of the recent chilly afternoons, the pastor dismissed a scanty flock, at the conclusion of the prayers, somewhat in the following manner:—"During the last fortnight, my dear friends, you have been kindly supplied with many excellent books. You can read them probably by your own firesides, and I have no doubt you will be more comfortable than sitting here this cold day listening to my sermon!"

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Ginger Biscuits.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add half a pound of sifted sugar, and three ounces of pounded ginger. Beat up the yolk of three eggs, and take a little milk, with which make the above ingredients into a paste. Knead it all well together, and roll it out extremely thin, and cut it into the form of round biscuits with a paste-cutter. Bake them in a slow oven until crispy, taking care that they are a pale brown color.

Turkey Soup.—The remnants of a young turkey make good soup. Put all the bones, and little bits left of a dinner, into about three quarts of water. If you have turkey gravy, or the remnants of chickens, add them also, and boil them two hours or more. Skim out the meat and bones, and set the water aside in a cool place till the next day. Then take all the fat from the top; take the bones and pieces of skin out from the meat and return it to the liquor. If some of the dressing has been left, put that in also, and boil all together a few minutes. If more seasoning is needed, add it to suit your taste.

Choice Receipts.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Line some small patty-pans with puff paste; put a piece of bread into each, cover with a paste, and bake them. While they are baking, take some oysters and put them into a saucepan, with the oyster liquor, a little grated nutmeg, a very little pepper and salt, a little cream; simmer it a few minutes, remove the bread from the patties, and put in the mixture. If to be eaten for dinner, arrange them in time to serve.

Chicken and Turkey Patties.—Mince some cold chicken or turkey; put to it some of the gravy, or, if you have none, line your pie-dish with a paste; put in your minced meat; work some flour and butter together, and lay bits all over the meats; then nearly fill the dish with water; season with pepper and salt, and, if liked, a little ground mace; cover with a nice paste, and cook till the crust is done.

Cherry Pie.—(A new way.)—Make a pie of cherries as usual, only put in some ripe currants. Bake gently.

Scouring Knives.—A small, clean, raw potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient method of applying brickdust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be got by this method than by any other, with less labor.

Cleaning Knives.—One of the best substances for cleaning knives is charcoal reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used. This is a recent and valuable discovery.

AGRICULTURAL.

Corn and Cob Meal.

A great deal has been said pro and con, through the agricultural papers in reference to the value of corn and cob meal. A correspondent of the Western Rural gives the following as his experience. He claims to have been in the milling business for several years, and to be well posted on the merits of such feed:—

Corn cobs are all right in their place. They were designated by a wise Providence as a support for the kernel while maturing. But to grind and compel animals to eat a substance containing only seven per cent. of nutriment, must sooner or later, become unpopular, if it is not so already. I am sure that ere long every merciful man will abandon the use of cobs as food for animals. The article you copied from the Utica Herald is, in my opinion, an able one. I am willing to endorse every word of it.

Allow me to give you a little of my experience for the last fourteen years in grinding corn on the cob. In the fall of 1850, there was placed in the grist mill of J. Crowell, Esq., of this village, a corn crusher for the purpose of crushing the corn in the ear before grinding. The whole farming community, with a very few exceptions, rejoiced that they had a corn crusher in their midst. They thought it was just the thing they wanted. In November, 1850, we set "the thing" going, and in ten months after we had crushed and ground 13,000 bushels of corn in the ear. One farmer living about a mile from the village, had, the first winter, upwards of 500 bushels ground, to feed a breaking-up team of six yoke of oxen, and fit them for spring work. But instead of their being a good breaking-up team in the spring of 1850, the gentleman told me himself that it broke up his team. For after ploughing an hour or two in the morning, they appeared to become weak and exhausted. The consequence was that breaking-up melted away like snow before an April sun. That farmer became satisfied that corn cobs were not "the thing." Since 1850 the grinding of corn on the cob has become unpopular in this section of country; so much so that but very little is ground.

Allow me to give an account of an experiment which I tried with corn ground up in the ear in the fall of 1850. The pigs which I raised in the spring of the above year, were fed through the summer on milk and mill-feed, and kept in the pen. But as corn on the cob became popular that fall, I ground up three bushels quite fine. I commenced cooking it in small quantities, say six quarts per day, and took care not to feed them too much at a time. For a few days they seemed to relish it, but before the three bushels were cooked and fed, I could see that corn cobs, cooked or uncooked, were not "the thing" for fattening hogs. I tried it to my satisfaction.

There seems to be something about corn cobs after they are ground and taken into the stomachs of swine, that causes an irritation or inflammation; so much so that the animal becomes weak, unable to stand but a few moments at a time.

Farmers, shell your corn, let it be cleaned up before grinding, have it ground fine, and feed the meal to your fattening hogs in small quantities at first. Let it be fed dry, in a separate trough from the water. Keep away all swill for at least four weeks before butchering them. Give them what meal they will eat and let their drink be clean, cold water. A little charcoal and salt in small quantities now and then are very healthy for hogs that are fattening. Follow this, and my word for it you will have solider, heavier, and healthier pork than though it was fed on corn cobs.

A Restive Horse.

We are sometimes tempted to scold at the mismanagement of restive horses. We know it is very difficult to "keep your temper" on such occasions, and we have nothing to boast of in the way of "holding the reins" over that, but reason at once tells us how useless it is to abuse a restive horse. We do not believe a complete cure was ever effected by the whip. We think it better to give kindness a fair trial, and then if that is not successful, we would dispose of the beast at the first opportunity. A well-known lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped, and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him "*to be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town.*" A writer in the Genesee Farmer says:—

"I have a valuable mare, of very high spirits. Last fall she began to be restive about starting, so much so that it was dangerous to drive her single. She was impatient to start, and if held in, would rear and pitch about, sometimes throwing herself down. Finding the matter becoming serious, I undertook to cure her, and succeeded perfectly. The *modus operandi* is this: Let the driver have the entire charge of her, and take pains, by gentle usage and kindness, to be on good terms with her. When she is to be driven, let him harness her himself, talking to, and patting her during the process. When all is ready, go to her head and stand, without holding, if possible, till everything is in the buggy but yourself. Now, holding the lines, step back a pace or two. She will probably start; if she does, pull her up *without* a jerk, speak kindly to her as soon as she is still. If she back up or rear, hold her by the head, but don't strike her. Repeat the process until she is mild enough to stand still, and take that time to get in. Now, if you order her to start, she will probably make more trouble; wait, therefore, till she is ready—you can tell by watching her ears—then give her the word and let her go. By pursuing this plan a few weeks, a radical cure may be effected. This, at least, is my experience. One very important point is, never on any account use any severity with a horse of that disposition; it can never do any good, and is almost sure to do hurt. It should be remembered that while it is never necessary to give up to a horse, it is very often advisable to humor him.

☞ New name for a watch-stealer—Procrastination.

THE RIDDLER.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. A man who David for his pride reproved.
2. What queen from her high station was removed?
3. What man to keep God's ark was sanctified?
4. A king who lost his reason for his pride.
5. What boastful king by his two sons was slain?
6. With whom did God's ark for three months remain?
7. The king against whom Othniel prevailed.
8. What daughter's love, when closely tested, failed?
9. The cave where Abraham his dead Sarah laid.
10. Where practised Saul the rites that he forbade?
11. Goliath's brother, whom Elhanan slew.
12. What prophet Asa's courage did renew?
13. Who watched beside her dead both night and day?
14. What nurse 'neath Bethel's oak did Jacob lay?
15. Who vainly strove to flee beyond God's sight?
16. The place where trust in God slew giant might.
17. A man whose household was by Paul baptized.
18. What king the warning of the priests despised?
19. What woman's son dared to blaspheme the Lord?
    And of his sin received the just reward?

Still in his mighty vision wrapt,
That which the prophet saw none else can see;
But, echoing his words, we still can cry,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come to me."

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A country in Asia.
A command to soldiers.
A fish.
A country in Europe.
A heavenly body.
A near relative.
A territory.

My initials form a distinguished general. My finals a stronghold captured by him.

Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Standing at the foot of a rising hill I found standing erect the trunk of a once noble tree, that had been broken off some distance from the ground, and without slipping at the broken place, with the top of its broken end in a sinking slope rested against the hill at the distance of 50 feet from the foot of the tree up along the hill. This broken off and leaning resting piece was 44 feet in length. Having then a ten feet pole in my hand, and wishing to ascertain the length of the yet standing piece, and by this know the length of the whole tree, I measured with this pole its full length of 10 feet from the root of the yet standing trunk, up the trunk, and scratched a mark there. I next measured with my pole its full length of 10 feet up the slant of the hill, also making a mark there. I then went up the hill to this last mark, and by putting my pole across I found it was also 10 feet across from mark to mark. From this, the length of the yet standing trunk and the length of the original tree may be found.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of land in the form of a plane triangle, beginning at A, and running along the line A E a distance of 60 chains. I then measure off towards the left on E D a distance of 21 chains. I then go back to E, and continue the line A E to the point C, a distance of 40 chains from E. I then measure from the point C to D a distance of 30 chains. I then measure from the point D a distance of 50 chains to B. A is in the same straight line with B and C. Required the area of the whole triangle A B C without the aid of trigonometry.

S. G. GAGNOIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Cubical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a cubical box, whose length, breadth and height are each 40 inches, (inside open measure,) which is to be filled with cubical blocks of 8 inches, 6 inches, 4 inches, and 2 inches, respectively, *of each an equal number*. How many of each will it take to fill the same?

PERCIVAL JEWETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What plant used in dyeing indicates the comparative degree of "crazy?" Ans.—Madder.

☞ Why is the sap of a tree like the mercury in a thermometer? Ans.—It sinks in winter.

☞ When is a river like a rabid dog? Ans.—When it foams at the mouth.

☞ Why would a certain noble quadruped, in a mill, be equal to a great multitude? Ans.—Twould be a mil-lion.

☞ What letter, placed at the head of a ship, would represent military courage? Ans.—The letter S (prow-ess.)

☞ Why is the skeleton of a sermon a very unnatural object? Ans.—It has several heads.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." RIDDLE—The Newspaper. CHARADE—Answer, (Ans, Sir.) CHARADE—Pondicherry, (Pond, I, Cherry.) TRIPLE REBUS—Ash, Dan, Red, (Adder, Sue, Haunted.)

Morgan Stevens's answer to his PROBLEM, published Dec. 24th:—Base, 5.9090076 rods; perpendicular, 8.08744238 rods. Gill Bates and Jas. M. Greenwood's answer is 8.08804, and 5.87447.

A. Martin's answer to his PROBLEM, same date:—A. travelled 4 miles an hour, B. 3 miles an hour, the drove 2 miles an hour, the express 6 miles an hour, and C. is 616 miles from D.